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MARCH 1897

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

Devoted to

Verse

Fiction

Fashion

History

Fine Arts

Literature

For the Home

CONTAINS: THE SOCIAL PROGRESS
OF NEW YORK...COSTUME BALLS;
ALSO, A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN
THE LIFE OF CHARLES SECOND

FEATURES:

SELF-CULTURE

KINDERGARTEN

IN APRIL NUMBER

THE COMMEMORATION OF GENERAL GRANT'S BIRTHDAY

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

THOS. JAY GLEASON, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

1897

MARCH

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OUR PURPOSE

EVERY enterprise should have a purpose. A magazine without one would be like a rudderless ship. We submit in brief the purpose of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

First and foremost, we shall present facts and truths to our readers each month that will materially help and instruct. As an indication of what we mean by facts and truths being materially helpful and instructive, we refer the reader to our SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT, edited by the "AUTHOR OF PRESTON PAPERS," whose initial contribution appears in this and will continue through succeeding numbers. The "Author of Preston Papers" has been so widely and favorably referred to in the public press as an able educator, speaker and writer, that an introduction here is hardly necessary.

In like manner we refer to our KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT, edited by MR. FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, Ph.D., a specialist in Kindergarten Work. We believe that there are many persons, especially mothers, who desire knowledge on the subject of the methods and principles of the Kindergarten, with reference to their application not alone in the school but also in the home. To tell the story of the Kindergarten in a non-technical and practical manner shall be our aim. The articles by Mr. Luqueer begin in the March and continue in succeeding numbers.

MISS MARY ALINE BROWN, editor of "Woman's Temperance Work," the official organ of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will, in her interesting and forceful manner, tell us of the origin and progress of the Union in the past, also its plans and purposes for the future.

MISS LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN, whose fame as a student and lecturer on the History of Costume is international, will contribute a series of illustrated articles on THE HISTORY OF COSTUME, beginning with primitive man, and conduct us through the manifold changes of intervening centuries to the fashion plates of to-day. The value and importance of this series of articles, emanating from such an authentic source, can hardly be estimated, and the readers of ARTHUR'S have in these articles alone a rare treat in store for them.

Miss Both-Hendriksen is not only the pioneer in America in her chosen field, but occupies it without a peer. The first article will appear in the April number.

We purpose that our fiction and verse shall be elevating as well as entertaining. It must be good in itself, for we are not in sympathy with words, words, words, though they may come to us with all the delusive glamor of a celebrated literary or high-sounding social name.

Under the title of "SIMPLE WAYS AND MEANS FOR HOME ADORNMENT," MR. ED. DEWSON will tell us how to secure simple artistic results in home decoration at moderate price. He will go with us from the portal through each room in the house, advising us in the use of grills and draperies, rugs and stained floors, the arrangement of furniture, and the many accessories necessary for satisfactory results.

In the series "PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ART GALLERIES, ILLUSTRATED," we will treat separately each of the several best-known galleries. The text will so treat and comment upon the profuse illustrations that our readers will be made to feel familiar with the famous or distinctive masterpieces of the collection.

"ILLUSTRATED VISITS TO OUR PUBLIC PARKS" will serve to familiarize our readers with the natural wonders of our great country, and the beauties and the utility of the breathing places of our great cities. Special photographic reproductions of the foliage of the Pacific Coast, of the grandeur of the Yellowstone valleys, of picturesque Fairmount, of the statuary, architecture and natural beauties of Central and other famous parks will give special value in the current numbers of our magazine. We shall inaugurate the series with a collection of charming views taken in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, with an interesting description written on the spot by M. C. Schuyler.

FASHION NOTES. Suggestions will be given from time to time for the mothers and daughters of the home, "their sisters, their cousins and their aunts."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. On management, in all departments, including cooking, nursing, etc.

KINGS DAUGHTERS' DEPARTMENT. In combination with Epworth League and Christian Endeavor.

MOTHERS' CORNER. Where inquiries can be made and answered, experiences given and general good promoted.

MUSIC will receive its share.

CURRENT EVENTS of special interest or importance will be noted concisely.

The little ones shall also have a place especially devoted to their welfare and entertainment.

In a word, we believe a home magazine should be helpful, interesting and entertaining.

We cordially invite the support of those in sympathy with that sentiment, also their suggestions, opinions and criticisms.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, New York.

GENTLE READER.—HAVING READ OUR PURPOSE, IF YOU ARE NOT A SUBSCRIBER WE INVITE YOU TO BECOME ONE NOW BY SENDING ONE DOLLAR TO ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

OLD GLORY should wave over and **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** should be in every loyal home, school and organization. Note this opportunity to secure both.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE AND AUTOHARP for one

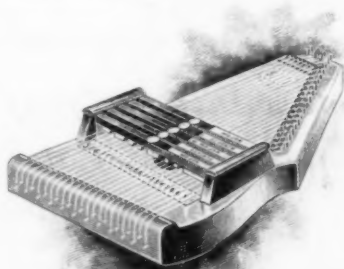
year, at Less Cost than the Regular Price of the Autoharp.

has 3 bars and 18 strings, producing 3 chords, B♭ Major, C Seventh and F Major. By means of the chord bars any person can, with a little practice, play the pieces of music that accompany the instrument. The sounding-board is finished natural color, sides and bottom are stained dark brown. The instrument is substantially made and well finished. Complete book of instruction, 6 pieces of music, tuning key and imitation tortoise-shell pick accompany each instrument.

has 3 bars and 21 strings, producing 3 chords of the key of C-C Major, F Major and G Seventh. It is highly finished throughout with ebonized bars and supports and light colored sounding-board. Size, 18 x 10 inches. Instruction book, 11 pieces of music, rack, two picks and a tuning key are given with each Autoharp.

can be played in two keys, F and C. It has 23 strings and 5 bars, producing the following chords of C, F and B Flat Major, and C and G Seventh. Can modulate from one key to another. Many beautiful changes are thus made possible. Very handsome throughout, ebonized bars and supports and light colored sounding-board. Size, 18 x 10 inches. Instruction book, 22 pieces of music, rack, two picks and tuning key are given with each Autoharp.

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VOL. XLVI.

MARCH, 1897.

NO. 3.



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ELECT MCKINLEY TAKEN AT HIS HOME IN CANTON.



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COSTUME BALLS.

M. C. SCHUYLER.

There is no surer measure of the prosperity of a nation than the character of its various private festivities as showing its social growth. In the primitive order of things nearly all entertainments were given out of doors and consisted principally in rustic dances and more rustic repasts. There is something wonderfully alluring in these innocent gayeties and we see them reproduced by the most luxurious monarchs of extravagant France, but with a difference. There was nothing rustic in the *fêtes champêtres*, where the dresses of the shepherdesses were designed by Watteau and the *menu* furnished by the most accomplished *chef* in the King's household.

So it has been in this country. It began with modest entertainments, suited to its own undeveloped resources, but little by little the comforts and luxuries of Europe followed our ancestors to this foreign soil and became a rule instead of an exception. The balls and dinners became gradually more and more magnificent, till at last, in order to outstrip anything previously done in New York, Mrs. Charles Brugière, of 80 Broadway, sent out invitations for a fancy dress ball. For months this event was the talk of the town, and awakened the same storm of protest from the uninvited that later events have done. The adjoining house was fortunately unoc-



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MRS. PHILIP RHINELANDER AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

cupied and was annexed for the evening, but despite even this, the rooms were over-crowded.

It was not then the custom for the doings of the wealthy to be reported for the delectation of the general public, and little attention was given this event by the press of the day. Not so,



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however, the next great affair of the kind.

The population had been steadily growing, the wealth of the country increasing in proportion, and in 1840 Mrs. Henry Brevoort, aroused, perhaps by the reminiscences of the old beaux, or by her own recollections of that previous event, was moved to revive the glories of past ages in her own handsome house, which from its size was well adapted to the purpose. To this ball went a reporter and the light in which his intrusion was regarded can best be gathered from the words of old Philip Hone, one of the beaux of the period. Writing of the event in his diary he says: "Some surprise was expressed at seeing in the crowd a man in the habit of a knight in armor—a Mr. Attree, reporter and one of the editors of an infamous penny paper called the 'Herald.' Bennett, the

principal editor, called upon Mr. Brevoort to obtain permission for this person to be present to report in his paper an account of the ball. He consented, as I believe I should have done under the same circumstances, as by doing so a sort of obligation was imposed upon him to refrain from abusing the house, the people of the house, and their guests, which would have been done in case of a denial. But this is a hard alternative; to submit to this kind of surveillance is getting to be intolerable, and nothing but the



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force of public opinion will correct the insolence, which, it is to be feared, will never be applied as long as Mr. Charles A. Davis and other gentlemen make this Mr. Attree 'hail fellow, well met,' as they did on this occasion." The unconcerned way in which society is content to figure in the papers of to-day, the items supplied by members of their own circle, the photographs by the subjects themselves, indicates clearly



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MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.

enough the change in the standpoint of those in high places.

The Brevoort ball was very heterogeneous, the costumes showing the widest possible divergence in time and place. Beautiful Mrs. Washington Coster and her handsome husband figured as Leila (the heroine of Bulwer's novel) and an Arab boy; the hostess

ing else of the kind on an elaborate scale was again attempted in New York.

Then when the population of the city had almost reached its present proportions, and wealth was counted by tens of millions, another costume ball was given and became the criterion by which succeeding festivities



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herself represented Queen Joanna of Naples; others present impersonated peasants of various countries, Chinese, fox-hunter, Highlander, Quaker and Quakeress, Portia, Columbine, Diana, Queen Esther, Virgin of the Sun, Lalla Rookh, Russian soldier, the Duke of Orleans, Dante and Beatrice, etc.

The great affair was food for conversation and reminiscence for many a day, indeed for over forty years noth-

would be judged. This was the Vanderbilt ball, given in the early spring of 1883, by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who has since become Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, and whose daughter is the winsome Duchess of Marlborough.

This festivity was held in Mrs. Vanderbilt's own magnificent house, and had thus an air of refinement and exclusiveness which no entertainment can have when given in apartments



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MR. PHILIP RHINELANDER IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.



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MISS ADDOMS AS FLEMISH BOURGEOISESTER.



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MISS GERTRUDE BARCLAY IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.

hired for the occasion, even though these be the perfectly appointed salons of the Waldorf.

Some thousand invitations were issued and although costume was *de rigueur*, no particular clime or epoch was specified, and hence it was a very motley gathering that filled the halls and parlors of Mrs. Vanderbilt's home on that occasion. The host and hostess represented respectively the Duke of Guise and a Venetian princess, and among the guests were such widely varying characters as a Persian princess, Diana, Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, Queen Elizabeth, a witch, Little Bo-peep, Mary Quite Contrary,

Iolanthe, Blue Beard, Romeo, a wizard, etc. Still the very fact of its being so promiscuous an assembly made it perhaps the merrier, even at the sacrifice of some degree of elegance. We read in the papers of the day of the "Hobby Horse" quadrille, the "Mother Goose" quadrille, the "Twin Star" quadrille, which was planned, but could not be danced because the electric lights would not work the "star;" the "Opera Bouffe," and the "Dresden"; and this gives some idea of the variety in toilettes and the jollity of feeling which pervaded the guests.

The house was a mass of flowers; two fountains had been introduced into



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MR. W. HAROLD BROWN IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.

an upper chamber, the gymnasium; and delightful flirtation corners, screened by palms and furnished with cushioned seats, had been contrived in a multitude of unexpected places. It was estimated that the flowers alone cost in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars, and that the total expenditure rose perilously near the half-million mark. With their customary good taste Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt gave no detailed information as to the pecuniary aspect of the affair, and so one can merely hazard a conjecture.

Among the guests at Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball were two Marie Stuarts. One, clad in sombre black, her golden hair glistening, her exquisite features standing out with cold, refined beauty, was Christine Nilsson, the famous nightingale of the North; the other, clad in scarlet, with magnificent jewels lavishly displayed, was Mrs. Bradley-Martin, whose recent attempt at rivaling the Vanderbilts has been the talk of two continents. On both Mr. and Mrs. Martin's sides the family is well connected, substantially on hers, aristocratically, or perhaps we should say colonially, on his. They have lived principally abroad, and have had familiar intercourse with the great of two continents.

The preparations were on an elaborate scale, and the most marked characteristic was expense. Nothing was spared, and the handsome rooms at the Waldorf were completely transformed by florists and upholsterers. On this occasion the costumes were confined to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This naturally made a limit which excluded nursery rhyme characters and mythological personages, but when one considers the various countries of the globe quite a variety is possible, as may be seen from our illustrations. There were Egyptian princesses, Dutch peasants, English ladies, Colonial Dames and French marquises among the ladies, while their esquires

were quite as widely selected. The same costliness which marked the dresses at the Vanderbilt ball distinguished the costumes on this occasion, and the display of jewels was even greater. Many of the guests came from abroad, and nearly two thousand were present. Various items were given out to the press, such as the fact that for silken hosiery alone for the various lackeys Mrs. Martin had paid some \$1,400, for flowers in the neighborhood of as many thousand, with other expenses in proportion. This enables one to approximate the cost of the entire entertainment as nearly a million dollars. Of course, it would be the acme of vulgarity to judge of the approximate grandeur of these entertainments by the money spent upon them, but this dwelling upon the cost shows us how the country has advanced in refinement and appreciation of luxury in the present century. In 1800 the man who had one million dollars was rich, the great majority counting their wealth by hundreds of thousands; in 1850 ten millions was enormous wealth; to-day the number of men with from two to ten millions is legion, while to be among the foremost one must have from fifty to an hundred millions of dollars. This is not guesswork, statistics will prove the truth of the statement to anyone who cares to verify it.

And so it is that social festivities stand as landmarks of the nation's growth in riches and culture. Not only the best of our own time must be ours, but the best of all times, and education becoming more universal each day, the homes of the poor advance in refinement evenly with the homes of the rich; every dollar spent by the latter benefits the former, and even what seems useless extravagance has its dual advantage as increasing the circulation of money and as a factor in the universal education of the people.



From the carbon reproduction by Davis & Sanford.

Original by Le Brun.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

Perhaps the most beautiful and certainly the most depraved of any of the uncrowned queens who ruled the destinies of France under the Bourbons. She was of common extraction and limited intelligence, but by her beauty so ensnared the weak king that her influence was paramount in matters of state. It was she who brought about the war which lost Canada to France.



A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES SECOND.

I.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF"

The year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-One! Snow everywhere, as it should be at Christmas! Snow down in Kent four feet on the ground, drifting in spectral wreaths round an old moated Manor House, whose grey walls rising weirdly from silent water had never seen wilder weather since the days of the Third Edward, when they first saw weather at all. Snow everywhere! stretched like a shroud over deep woods which hung above the house precipitously, falling noiselessly into the broad, dark moat, wiping out decorated mouldings on archways, hoarily capping the old gateway-tower, driving furiously against tightly-closed windows, as if indignant at the rich, warm glow within! Snow everywhere in Kent!

Snow, too, in London! And at nightfall a mighty east wind, which came roaring and sighing and wailing through the streets under a leaden, lowering sky; freezing the fingers of blue-nosed chairmen as they carried delicate loads of Beauty to Mrs. Cor-

nely's masquerade in Soho Square; staggering beaux bound there also, as it rushed at them suddenly round sharp corners; setting all the old signboards of the old taverns swinging and creaking and grating as if its blast had put the very breath of life into them, and they were returning turbulent thanks.

The signboard of the "Man Loaded with Mischief" tavern in Oxford Street, representing a man carrying a woman holding a glass in her hand, and attended by a monkey and a magpie (designed and executed by the ingenious Mr. William Hogarth himself), was thrown into an especially rampant state of exultation by the storm. It leaped and groaned so fiercely over the heads of four chairmen who had just been ejected from the tavern, on the ground that they were too disguised to sit in it, and who were leaning in various degrees of dejected apathy against the outside of the house, that they became scared into sobriety by the sound, and presently walked into the bar again, upright from fear of having their necks broken. Here they fell to discussing politics, scandal, and Nantes brandy, my Lord of Bute's recent elevation to the Secretaryship of State, the utter subsidence of Jacobite in-

trigue, the list of beauty and fashion at Mrs. Cornely's masquerade, and the odds against some of that list being carried safely to their homes when the fulness of time and brandy was come.

In a low, old-fashioned, oak-wainscoted room behind this extemporized House of Commons, there sat brooding over the fire a young man who clearly should have been at Mrs. Cornely's masquerade himself. For his long military cloak, with capes to it, was thrown open, and disclosed the nearest approach to a Highlander's costume that could be arrived at by a costumier who had not been at Cul-loden. It was not, it may be imagined, a good evening for a kilt; but the young man's brawny legs were bare according to prescription, a claymore was by his side, and a chieftain's bonnet with the eagle's plume in it reposed gracefully by a half-emptied bottle of Burgundy.

To this last comfort the young man applied himself at brief intervals rather desperately, and in a moody manner too, quite unworthy of the wine. As he threw his head back rather to pour the wine down his throat than to drink it, he showed fine features, with something feminine about them, a beautiful head of light brown hair, curling naturally on to his shoulders, together with a flushed condition of countenance, and a certain filminess over his blue eyes, which suggested that he had drunk wine enough already. But he made a pretty picture of boyish abandonment, even though there was a touch of dissipation in it.

This picture had for some moments been under the contemplation of a Second Party. The Second Party had come from an inner room very quietly, so quietly indeed that his footfall was not heard on the sanded floor, and the door which he closed behind him had closed as if on velvet. The Second Party was a man in the prime of life, dressed richly, but soberly, in the extreme fashion of the day. He was slightly built—would have been elegant, but for a certain stoop in the shoulder; he

was pale, thin-faced, thin-lipped, and had a mole, so large as almost to be a deformity, immediately below the left corner of the mouth. The peculiar position of this mole set a sort of eternal sneer on the left side of the Second Party's face. He poised a clouded cane with nice conduct in a small white jewelled hand, kept his three-cornered hat on his head, and eyed the unconscious young drinker calmly.



"Gad! What a likeness!"

The exclamation roused the young drinker. He put his glass down with a start—with something which sounded almost like a smothered oath.

"Barsac!" he said. Hesitated for a moment awkwardly, boyishly. Then rose, and with a great deal of grace held out his hand. "Why Barsac," he said, "where have you been hiding yourself? We all thought you—"

"Dead?" The man smiled unpleasantly as he asked the question—



CAPTAIN FOSTER AND BARSAC IN THE TAVERN.

smiled by just raising the left corner of his lip a little and showing two teeth. "No," he went on, seating himself, "I am not dead yet, though my chest troubles me while this deplorable weather prevails." Then, after a pause, looking at the fire, "I have been in France."

"On some political errand of my Lord Bute's, Barsac?"

"I did not say so, Captain Foster."

There was offence in the reply, but the delivery was the perfection of suave politeness. Captain Foster, however, appeared to feel being called Captain Foster by a gentleman whom he had addressed as Barsac.

"No offence intended," he said, bluntly; "I did not mean to be inquisitive. But as an officer in His Majesty's Life Guards" (this with the touch of the neophyte but recently awakened to the glories of uniform)—"as an officer in His Majesty's Life Guards, 'tis natural that I should feel interest in an

old friend's visit to France in such stirring times, especially when that old friend is secretary to my Lord Bute."

"There is nothing stirring in France," said Mr. Barsac, still looking at the fire.

"Yet in London—at the barracks, in the Mall—everywhere—there are rumors of a Jacobite rising. They say that——"

"There is a masked ball at Madame Cornely's," said Mr. Barsac, quite composedly. "That is what they say. And they wonder why Mr. Foster is found drinking in a tavern, dressed for a masquerade, when Miss Hawley, that fortunate young gentleman's future wife, has been the cynosure of all eyes at Madame Cornely's for — 'tis two hours."

Captain Foster rose suddenly, not without a slight stagger, it must be confessed.

"Mr. Barsac," he said, "'tis indelicate of you to mention Miss Hawley's name."

But the other never removed his slow gaze from the fire.

"Because I had once hopes of being that paragon's husband myself?" he asked.

"No, sir; but because speaking of her to me from the standpoint of an old friendship puts me, as 'twere, in a false position."

Mr. Barsac rose leisurely from his seat at this, and took the young man's hand.

"My dear Foster," he said, speaking for the first time with warmth; "banish, like the good fellow you are, all ideas that I am a rival, for ever. Since Miss Hawley did me the honor to refuse my suit, I have found a more attractive, a more faithful mistress. Do not start man, I speak of Ambition! Ambition more fiercely beautiful than any woman, dowered though she be with Miss Hawley's shining charms—more faithful than any wife, though Miss Hawley is a paragon who should make any man happy."

Here he looked keenly, with a sudden sidelong look, at the young officer, who seemed to have by no means attained to this ideal. Captain Foster, indeed, presented a strangely dejected appearance for the accepted suitor of the acknowledged belle of Kent. He jerked himself irritably back in his chair. A frown—the frown of a petulant, pretty boy—he was, indeed, little else—appeared on his forehead. Then he muttered something indistinctly, and stretched out a somewhat unsteady hand to the bottle. It was empty.

Mr. Barsac, keenly observant all this while, touched the bell at once. In such moments of sudden action as this Mr. Barsac displayed a curiously suave, quiet sort of quickness which was catlike. If a sensitive man had seen it he might have shuddered.

"A bottle of Burgundy," he said to the drawer; "and your best."

This order, given in the usual calm, metallic tone, awakened the dejected young officer to a recollection of the eternal fitness of things. He remembered that he had drunk half a bottle

of Burgundy in a friend's presence without offering the friend a glass. He was full of apologies for what he called his brutal behavior, insisted on standing the next bottle, and was for taking umbrage when Barsac refused to give way; but by this time in the evening Captain Foster's moods were extremely momentary. After the first glass, "To friends long parted," which he drank at a gulp, he was brimming over with delight at having met this particular friend again. Upon which this particular friend, who had not drunk his glass at a gulp, had, indeed, only just touched his lips with it, filled the Captain's glass again, and proposed "The Pride of Kent! The Exquisite, the Accomplished, the Peerless Beauty, ... Miss Betty Hawley."

Captain Foster rose and dashed his full glass into the fire.

"By God!" he broke out, "I will not drink that toast to-night! To-night 'twould choke me."

Upon which he covered his face with his hands and burst into passionate tears.

Mr. Barsac now gave vent to several commonplaces suggestive of sorrow, surprise, and sympathy, but he eyed the subject of his remarks as a surgeon eyes a patient whose dangerous condition he has successfully diagnosed; and as the patient in this case still kept his face covered with his hands, Mr. Barsac generously placed his own full glass of Burgundy by the patient's side in the place of the one that had been broken. Then he laid his small hand on Captain Foster's shoulder, besought him to control himself, to be a man, to remember that a friend was by his side who had some knowledge of the world; begged him in the end to confide.

"For," said he, "as I have been frank with you, so you owe me some frankness in this matter. As a rejected suitor you will admit that I have some experience. Do not tell me, my dear Foster, that Miss Hawley has condemned you to share it."

Captain Foster now burst forth to

some tune. "I wish to Heaven that she had," he cried. "Anything would be more bearable than the continued torments of hopes raised only to be dashed, of the wounded self-esteem, of the bitter humiliation, that she daily makes me suffer."

Here he saw the full glass standing by his side—saw it in a pause suggestive almost of awakened caution. But he tossed his glass off, too, after a glance at Barsac, who feigned himself to be industriously drinking, and as he had already looked a good deal upon the wine when it was red in the course of the evening, this last addition opened the floodgates of his speech completely.

"No," he began again, "it is not that the beautiful creature has jilted me, Barsac. 'Tis that she is so cold, so mysterious, so utterly unlike the common run of women, that she turns a man's heart to stone, even when it beats highest, like that mythological hussy we read of at Winchester—what d'ye call her?" Captain Foster's classical knowledge continuing to fail him, and Mr. Barsac, still at his usual task of reading history in the fire, offering no suggestion of help, the young man continued his plaint. "When I was first engaged to Miss Hawley," he said, "there was some tenderness in the way she looked at me, some love that I was fool enough to suppose in the tones of her voice. But I was soon disabused, Barsac. She grew colder and colder. She tolerated my caresses, man, I tell you. Till now, within two months of our wedding-day, I would as soon think of making love to a statue as to her—sooner, by George, sooner!"

"You speak, my dear friend, of Miss Hawley as a statue," said Barsac, quite quietly. "And yet a poignant recollection of her strange beauty suggests to my memory a comparison surely very different. Miss Hawley is pale, 'tis true. But those pale faces, Foster, hide most often a heart of fire. And, self-abused lover that you are, with your talk of statues, have you forgotten your lady-love's wildly beautiful

eyes? They are flames that scorch, man—amethysts which blaze!"

"Damnation!" cried the young officer, starting up. "'Tis my belief that they blaze for some one else!"

Mr. Barsac's hand was in his left pocket when this announcement burst upon his ears. That left hand closed upon a letter which lay in the pocket, tied round with a piece of blue ribbon,—closed upon it like a vice! But the pale face betrayed no sign of this emotion; the sidelong glance still fell calmly on the Captain as he furiously paced the room. Mr. Barsac took a pinch of snuff.

"'Tis impossible," he said. "What grounds have you for such a belief?"

"The truth is"—the other answered after a pause, and staying his frenzied walk, and hanging his head as if not altogether relishing the confession—"the truth is, that having some suspicion that I was being trifled with, and had a rival, I gave—well, a gold piece to a certain hussy who waits upon Miss Hawley. I said nothing, save that I was unhappy, d'ye see—nothing. But the wench soon ministered to my unhappiness, after her kind; she told me all."

"All? What?" This, for a man of Mr. Barsac's temperament, almost hastily.

"She told me that she had often come upon her mistress passionately kissing a miniature, which she thrust into her bosom on the first sound of surprise."

"A miniature of yourself, no doubt, ingrate."

"Not so, for I never gave Miss Hawley a miniature of myself. But this is not all. Miss Hawley's maid swore to me that her mistress indulged in secret correspondence with a gentleman, offered to show me the next letter which came into her hands to post—told me even the wretch's name!"

"And his name?"

"Mr. Browne, at the care of an address in Essex Street."

Once more Mr. Barsac's hand stole

into his left pocket, once more it fastened on the letter lying there tied round with a piece of blue ribbon, once more it closed upon that letter like a vice, then withdrew itself softly, and raised a lace handkerchief as if to hide one of the fine nostrils which quivered ever so slightly.

"You made inquiries for Mr.

Browne at the address in Essex Street?"

"Naturally. The fellow stared, and said that no such name was known there."

"Naturally. And did you tax the fair cause of your anxiety with your doubts?"

"Indeed, yes; upon which she flew



"AN ENORMOUSLY BURLY, THICK-SET MAN, SO SWATHED IN COATS AND CAPES THAT HIS FACE WAS ALMOST INVISIBLE."

into a white rage. She is like an embodied storm when she is angry—by heavens! she looks more lovely than ever—said that she saw now that I was unworthy of her; told me that she would never see me again—forbade me the house; and, for my part, I went out, at the moment thinking that I was well out of a bad bargain. But heaven help me for a miserable, weak wretch, I little even then knew her power. This girl, Barsac, has infected me—bewitched me—what you will. I pined without her like a wretch in consumption. I lingered round the old Moat House o' nights till the sun struck her windows. I neither ate, slept, nor drank. I lived on her likeness till I felt myself positively dying, as 'twere. And then"—here the heroics came to an end somewhat suddenly—"and then, not being able to support myself any longer, and knowing that the beautiful witch was staying for a day or two with her aunts in the town, I wrote a most humble letter craving for forgiveness, and enclosed two tickets for this accursed masquerade."

"And the offended goddess relented, to judge from your dress."

"Ay, she wrote and forgave me—said that I might accompany her to the masquerade, but on one condition."

"And the condition?"

"That I should wear this accursed Highland dress."

Mr. Barsac sat up in his chair with an alertness quite unusual to him. It might have been the light which faded momentarily, but his face seemed to have changed; the sneer on the left-hand corner of the mouth showed itself palpably. All these signs were, however, like the passing shadow on a clear lake, and passed as they had come—like a shadow.

"And in your Highland dress—which, by the way, though a trifle unseasonable, becomes you vastly well—and in your Highland dress," he said, preparing with much elaborate delicacy to take a pinch of snuff, "you found favor once more in offended Beauty's eyes."

"In my Highland dress I received a humiliation more galling than ever—a humiliation, sir, which no gentleman could have brooked, as I did not brook it. What think you was my lady's first address to a lover who had so humbled himself to her flighty will? What think you was her first address, as she came forward radiant in all her beauty to greet me? 'Ah!' she cried, those wicked blue eyes blazing with rapture! 'Ah! how you are like him! But no! (stepping back, as it were, from me) not so distinguished! Not so noble!'"

There was no mistake about it this time. Mr. Barsac's snuff-box dropped with a loud clatter on the floor, and when he raised his face after stooping to pick it up his complexion had turned to the color of impure wax. The change which had curdled, as it were, that impassivity was so marked that the young officer noticed it, even in the climax of his own excitement.

"Good heavens, Barsac! are you ill?" he cried.

But Mr. Barsac, who had risen to pace the room, hastily turned to the inquiry a face which had regained its accustomed calm.

"But a passing faintness," he said. "The atmosphere strikes me as close, somewhat." Then, coming close up to the Captain, he looked him full in the face with an expression of a doubtful character, intended, however, to convey sympathy. "As to your difficulty with Miss Hawley," he said, "it has interested me—interested me, indeed, greatly. It promises mystery, and mystery has for me a charm. Nor do I think, when I have solved the problem, you will have cause to regret having placed yourself in my hands—that is to say, if you will condescend to obey my instructions implicitly. Have I your word for this, Foster?"

"Undoubtedly, Barsac. And you will accept, pray, my very grateful thanks for your interference. What is your first order?"

"You will return to Madame Cornely's masquerade with me."

"Impossible, man. Consider the Burgundy I have drunk."

"Tut! 'Tis all out of you by this time. Two chairs, there!" calling through the door.

Then, when the chairmen had announced themselves ready, after plunging their heads into freezing water, Mr. Barsac, just as he was leaving the room, turned to Captain Foster, who was following him, and said, quite casually.

"By the way, to solve this mystery quietly and satisfactorily to your own happiness, as I have no doubt but that I shall do, it will be necessary for me to trace one of these mysterious letters. 'Tis so long since I have been honored by a sight of Miss Hawley's hand, that it would be well if my memory were freshened. Have you a scrap of her writing about you?—a postscript—an envelope—anything!"

"I have the envelope of her last letter—if that will serve. Ah, here 'tis!"

"It will serve capitally," said Barsac, and he put it into his left fob. "Come, man, in with you." They were at the tavern door by this time. "Phew! what a night!"

Having received the order, "To Mrs. Cornely's, and quick, rascals!" the chairmen set off at a smart trot. The sudden effects of frosty air on brains heated with drinking was presently illustrated by a series of graceful deflections on their part from Soho Square. Their fares, however, remained oblivious of these curves. As a matter of fact, both were rapt in a profound retrospection.

Mr. Barsac, in a train of meditations peculiarly, perhaps, his own. Captain Foster in doubt as to whether Burgundy had not caused him somewhat unduly to show his hand. Certain phrases of his newly-recovered friend appeared ominous in the gloom of the sedan chair. What did he mean, for instance, by suggesting that his confession had placed him in his hands. How comes he to be in the position to trace letters? Such thoughts passed through the Captain's brain, and left a

somewhat acid impression there. One reminiscence of the late interview, however, presented itself more vividly than all the rest; so vividly, just as Madame Cornely's blazing grand entrance came into sight, that Captain Foster, on alighting, felt compelled to call his companion's attention to it.

"Barsac," he said, "you will remember that Miss Hawley, when she saw me in this Highland dress, said, 'Now you are like him?'"

"Yes, I remember your saying so. A singular saying."

"Yet when you first entered the coffee-room you said the same thing. Oh, yes, you did, for I heard you, man! You said, 'Gad! what a likeness!' What a likeness to whom?"

"To some one whom I saw in France," said Mr. Barsac.

II.

THE MASQUERADE AT MRS. CORNELY'S

When the two gentlemen entered the portals of Carlisle House they were greeted with polite shouts to go in and have their money's worth while there was yet time—an invitation which they found some difficulty in accepting by reason of the tremendous crush which surged about the doors. Babel prevailed. Nor was the presence of law and order anywhere apparent except in the person of an old watchman, armed with a lantern, with a pipe, and an instinct of self-preservation, who viewed the scene tranquilly from a distance of fifty paces. Meanwhile all London seemed let loose to babble and shout and curse and swear and bully and swagger.

Here was a hackney coachman quarrelling over his fare according to the immemorial custom of hackney coachmen in all ages. Here two chairmen, full of mocks and gibes, stared incredulously at a hackney coach, as if asking what such a strange manifestation of wheels, horseflesh, and foolishness might mean. Coach and sedan

into a white rage. She is like an embodied storm when she is angry—by heavens! she looks more lovely than ever—said that she saw now that I was unworthy of her; told me that she would never see me again—forbade me the house; and, for my part, I went out, at the moment thinking that I was well out of a bad bargain. But heaven help me for a miserable, weak wretch, I little even then knew her power. This girl, Barsac, has infected me—bewitched me—what you will. I pined without her like a wretch in consumption. I lingered round the old Moat House o' nights till the sun struck her windows. I neither ate, slept, nor drank. I lived on her likeness till I felt myself positively dying, as 'twere. And then"—here the heroics came to an end somewhat suddenly—"and then, not being able to support myself any longer, and knowing that the beautiful witch was staying for a day or two with her aunts in the town, I wrote a most humble letter craving for forgiveness, and enclosed two tickets for this accursed masquerade."

"And the offended goddess relented, to judge from your dress."

"Ay, she wrote and forgave me—said that I might accompany her to the masquerade, but on one condition."

"And the condition?"

"That I should wear this accursed Highland dress."

Mr. Barsac sat up in his chair with an alertness quite unusual to him. It might have been the light which faded momentarily, but his face seemed to have changed; the sneer on the left-hand corner of the mouth showed itself palpably. All these signs were, however, like the passing shadow on a clear lake, and passed as they had come—like a shadow.

"And in your Highland dress—which, by the way, though a trifle unseasonable, becomes you vastly well—and in your Highland dress," he said, preparing with much elaborate delicacy to take a pinch of snuff, "you found favor once more in offended Beauty's eyes."

"In my Highland dress I received a humiliation more galling than ever—a humiliation, sir, which no gentleman could have brooked, as I did not brook it. What think you was my lady's first address to a lover who had so humbled himself to her flighty will? What think you was her first address, as she came forward radiant in all her beauty to greet me? 'Ah!' she cried, those wicked blue eyes blazing with rapture! 'Ah! how you are like him! But no! (stepping back, as it were, from me) not so distinguished! Not so noble!'"

There was no mistake about it this time. Mr. Barsac's snuff-box dropped with a loud clatter on the floor, and when he raised his face after stooping to pick it up his complexion had turned to the color of impure wax. The change which had curdled, as it were, that impassivity was so marked that the young officer noticed it, even in the climax of his own excitement.

"Good heavens, Barsac! are you ill?" he cried.

But Mr. Barsac, who had risen to pace the room, hastily turned to the inquiry a face which had regained its accustomed calm.

"But a passing faintness," he said. "The atmosphere strikes me as close, somewhat." Then, coming close up to the Captain, he looked him full in the face with an expression of a doubtful character, intended, however, to convey sympathy. "As to your difficulty with Miss Hawley," he said, "it has interested me—interested me, indeed, greatly. It promises mystery, and mystery has for me a charm. Nor do I think, when I have solved the problem, you will have cause to regret having placed yourself in my hands—that is to say, if you will condescend to obey my instructions implicitly. Have I your word for this, Foster?"

"Undoubtedly, Barsac. And you will accept, pray, my very grateful thanks for your interference. What is your first order?"

"You will return to Madame Cornely's masquerade with me."

"Impossible, man. Consider the Burgundy I have drunk."

"Tut! 'Tis all out of you by this time. Two chairs, there!" calling through the door.

Then, when the chairmen had announced themselves ready, after plunging their heads into freezing water, Mr. Barsac, just as he was leaving the room, turned to Captain Foster, who was following him, and said, quite casually.

"By the way, to solve this mystery quietly and satisfactorily to your own happiness, as I have no doubt but that I shall do, it will be necessary for me to trace one of these mysterious letters. 'Tis so long since I have been honored by a sight of Miss Hawley's hand, that it would be well if my memory were freshened. Have you a scrap of her writing about you?—a postscript—an envelope—anything!"

"I have the envelope of her last letter—if that will serve. Ah, here 'tis!"

"It will serve capitally," said Barsac, and he put it into his left fob. "Come, man, in with you." They were at the tavern door by this time. "Phew! what a night!"

Having received the order, "To Mrs. Cornely's, and quick, rascals!" the chairmen set off at a smart trot. The sudden effects of frosty air on brains heated with drinking was presently illustrated by a series of graceful deflections on their part from Soho Square. Their fares, however, remained oblivious of these curves. As a matter of fact, both were rapt in a profound retrospection.

Mr. Barsac, in a train of meditations peculiarly, perhaps, his own. Captain Foster in doubt as to whether Burgundy had not caused him somewhat unduly to show his hand. Certain phrases of his newly-recovered friend appeared ominous in the gloom of the sedan chair. What did he mean, for instance, by suggesting that his confession had placed him in his hands. How comes he to be in the position to trace letters? Such thoughts passed through the Captain's brain, and left a

somewhat acid impression there. One reminiscence of the late interview, however, presented itself more vividly than all the rest; so vividly, just as Madame Cornely's blazing grand entrance came into sight, that Captain Foster, on alighting, felt compelled to call his companion's attention to it.

"Barsac," he said, "you will remember that Miss Hawley, when she saw me in this Highland dress, said, 'Now you are like him?'"

"Yes, I remember your saying so. A singular saying."

"Yet when you first entered the coffee-room you said the same thing. Oh, yes, you did, for I heard you, man! You said, 'Gad! what a likeness!' What a likeness to whom?"

"To some one whom I saw in France," said Mr. Barsac.

II.

THE MASQUERADE AT MRS. CORNELY'S

When the two gentlemen entered the portals of Carlisle House they were greeted with polite shouts to go in and have their money's worth while there was yet time—an invitation which they found some difficulty in accepting by reason of the tremendous crush which surged about the doors. Babel prevailed. Nor was the presence of law and order anywhere apparent except in the person of an old watchman, armed with a lantern, with a pipe, and an instinct of self-preservation, who viewed the scene tranquilly from a distance of fifty paces. Meanwhile all London seemed let loose to babble and shout and curse and swear and bully and swagger.

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pleasantly disputed for place and precedence as eagerly in 1761 as they had done in 1636. Link-boys rushing here and there thrust their lights playfully into people's faces, revealing in sudden flashes outside reproductions of the scenes which were in progress within—a young gentleman squeezing a pretty girl's hand, an elderly husband eyeing a giggling young wife austere-ly. A perpetual motion informed the crowd, now from the street, now from the assembly-rooms; masqueraders arriving late, masqueraders leaving early, the former encouraged by approving shouts, the latter subjected to interrogatories such as these, playfully administered by the crowd:—"Well, haven't you found her?" "Oh, he won't dance with you, won't he?" or, "Oh, the shoes are too tight after all, are they?" or, "Go home and take that hat off," and pleasantries of the kind still to be heard by the curious at the doors of popular routs. As this motley crowd, continually shifting and breaking into fresh formations, opened here and there a clearing for an instant, pictures were disclosed of contemporary London life which would have delighted the eyes of the genre painters. A young fellow with a handsome, supercilious face, and something of the highwayman's cut about him, lolling against a pillar, with eyes fastened on a gold watch-chain dangling defenceless from a Henry the Eighth doublet; close by a thief-taker, with a patch over one eye, watching the highwayman as if they had met before; opposite the two a blue-nosed Jacobite, fresh from the Blue Posts in Cork Street, his hat awry, his waistcoat unfastened, oblivious of cold and company, his vinous gaze fixed on some reverie of Cul-loden.

Through this band of strayed revelers Captain Foster and Mr. Barsac unceremoniously elbowed their way. Arrived at what we should now call the box-office, two obstacles to their further union were presented to their notice—Mr. Barsac, with a somewhat overdone surprise, remembering that

he had no ticket, while an attendant at the same moment pointed out to him that he was not in fancy dress.

"Well," said Mr. Barsac, "as 'tis clear that I can't go in, I will just wait outside; there is a crowd there for me to study as well as here, and to a man of my temperament a much more instructive one. Go in, Foster, and join your disconsolate Fair, or she will weary of waiting for you."

Captain Foster now swore that no power on earth should induce him to enter the ball-room alone. But, such is the futility of mortal resolutions, at that very moment a surging forward of late and impatient arrivals realized for him this very undesirable consummation. In the twinkling of an eye he found himself separated from Barsac, and a moment afterwards in the glare of thousands of rays, which pitilessly illuminated his somewhat disordered state.

Freed from the presence of his companion, Mr. Barsac became in an instant a new man. His eyes gleamed with cruel delight. Decision and alertness shone in every movement. He strode rapidly to the door, pushed through the crowd, elbowing people right and left indiscriminately; hurried a few yards down the square to a door, where a link stuck into a sconce gave him a light to read by. Then feverishly pulled from his pocket two papers.

The first was the envelope given him by Captain Foster as a specimen of Miss Hawley's handwriting. The second paper was a letter addressed, in a fine Italian hand, to

"Mr. Browne,
"at Lady Primrose's,
"in Essex Street."

The first thing Mr. Barsac said was:—

"'Tis the same hand—but disguised!"

Then he read as follows:—

"These few lines to tell how in the midst of your cruellest wrongs a defenceless girl's loyal heart beats true

for you still. Exiled herself from her brightest hopes, spied upon on all sides—even on that where trust should be trustfullest placed, she has but the mysterious language of her flower garden left her to express to one more cruelly exiled than herself the sentiments of her inextinguishable fidelity and love."

A winter rose, much crumpled and faded, fell upon the trampled snow. Mr. Barsac stooped and picked it up. "Jacobite," he said, "for 'May we meet soon.' I heartily second the wish! I heartily second the——"

The words were frozen on his lips! He was in the act of rising from his stooping posture, when he was struck motionless—stiff—turned in an instant, as it were, into stone, at a sight which met his eyes on the opposite pavement.

Under a light two men approached each other rapidly from opposite directions—one, a tall, finely-formed figure, with his face muffled in a cloak; the other, the dissipated old Jacobite whom Barsac knew by sight, whom he had seen standing in front of Mrs. Cornely's as he entered it with Captain Foster a few minutes before. Between these two men there passed sudden recognition. The old Jacobite made a frenzied motion of kneeling; the tall figure motioned caution hastily, turned, and crossed the street. It was but an instantaneous effect—a night picture which faded as soon as seen. But to Barsac it flamed clear, palpable, portentous—a drama in a moment. The man leaned heavily against the railing; his brain whirled, the damp stood thick upon his forehead. This Barsac was poor, in spite of his handsome clothes; uncertain of his future, though he was in the pay of a Secretary of State, clinging always half-way down a cliff, as it were, with destitution at the bottom of it, and ever feeling his hold loosening, the ground crumbling beneath his feet; and lo, he had looked across a London street, and seen a fortune waiting for him to grasp. But discretion was necessary—self-command above all things. He wiped the damp from his

brow, poised his clouded cane, whistled an air jauntily, strolled up to the portico of Mrs. Cornely's with all the languid ease of a man of fashion, and with triumph, and cunning, and hate, and treachery, rioting—a very hell—in his heart.

Yes, there he stood—the unconscious cause of this excitement—there he stood on the opposite rank of two files of spectators, who had drawn up to stare at the masqueraders as they left the ball. There he stood, lounging against a pillar of the colonnade in the full flare of the light, with the sort of indolent apathy of a man who found time heavy on his hands, a mere sight-seeker prepared to be amused. With his left hand he held his heavy riding-cloak close over his mouth, as if to keep out the raw air; his hat was slouched a little over his head; but neither attitude suggested concealment, rather a mere acknowledgment that it was a bitter night.

Craning between two heads in the crowd, Mr. Barsac devoured this figure with his eyes; not only devoured, but digested each item in the intellectual feast, and drew up at the same time a sort of mental memorandum of comparison. Engaged in this congenial task, Mr. Barsac closely resembled a dog-fox looking out of a badly-stopped earth. But his task was soon done; he was satisfied. There could be no doubt of the matter, not the least. It was Mr. Browne—it was the man; and Mr. Barsac's disagreeably tense expression of face relaxed. He took the transforming pinch of snuff; he became once more his calm, immobile, sedate-looking self.

But what a likeness! It was indeed astounding enough. The subject of Mr. Barsac's recent contemplation, the mysterious Mr. Browne, was simply Captain Foster with fifteen years added to his life, but with fifteen years which had not aged him much. The same languid blue eyes, with the same melancholy expression of romance in them, the same voluptuous mouth, but finely chiselled, the same breadth of

shoulder, the same stature almost to an inch. Mr. Browne, as he leant against the colonnade, was in truth Captain Foster complete, with but two exceptions. Mr. Barsac chronicled these carefully to himself. "He wears a black wig," he said, "and, as Miss Hawley just observed, my friend the Captain lacks Mr. Browne's distinction—his—what did she call it?—his nobility."

With which remark Mr. Barsac made a détour, and, pushing through the crowd gently, approached Mr. Browne from behind—approached him very quietly, insidiously almost—till he stood immediately at his left shoulder, till his breath touched the other man's cheek.

Mr. Browne shuddered. He drew his cloak closer round him, as if he had been struck by some sudden chill, then turned hastily and looked at Mr. Barsac almost with suspicion.

But Mr. Barsac was gaily humming a stave, and watching a quarrel on the other side of the street between a watchman and a masquerader disguised as a Justice, with all the amused tolerance of a philosopher. Presently, seeming to become aware that a stranger was staring at him, he turned slightly, met Mr. Browne's penetrating look with an unembarrassed glance, and, indicating the motley crowd around them with a slight gesture, remarked:

"An entertaining sight, sir, should you chance to be an observer like myself."

"It is an entertaining sight," said the stranger, and removed his eyes from Mr. Barsac, as if satisfied. The stranger spoke in a voice singularly low and rich, and with a slight French accent.

A pause ensued. This was broken by a sudden buzz of excitement in the crowd; at the same time the doors of Carlisle House were thrown open by attendants arrayed in a livery peculiarly Mrs. Cornely's own, and this action was the signal for a sudden manifestation of activity among footmen, chair-

men, and hackney-coach drivers. The masquerade was over. Presently, to the sound of a somewhat solemn strain from the orchestra, the masqueraders began to emerge. This music, heard for the first time, beat into Mr. Barsac's brain. It seemed to him (Mr. Barsac was by nature musical) the overture to the drama that was coming. For Mr. Barsac was a dramatist in his way; and though he did not look upon his work in this light, he had already laid the train for a startling situation.

This train he now saw in sudden danger of missing fire.

A certain leaven of disorderliness had from the first been perceptible in the crowd, and as the masqueraders began to show themselves in various conditions of disorder from the ball-room this tendency became marked. There were two or three ugly rushes. A lady was unmasked; a young exquisite clapped his hand on his sword; there was an ugly gleam of steel, and a cry of "Send for the soldiers." Then somebody said, "There is Bute," upon which there was another rush, with a great deal of hooting, ending in a perfect yell of execration. And then the mob settled down into one fixed purpose, as mobs do, and simply insisted on every lady unmasking, whether she willed it or no. Flambeaux were thrust into shrieking women's faces, masks were torn off, a riot seemed imminent, and at this very instant the stranger, who had shrunk back at the first sign of popular excitement, said "Good night, sir," to Mr. Barsac, touched his hat gravely, and prepared to move off.

Mr. Barsac saw his prey escaping out of the toils at the very moment that the trap was about to fall upon him. It was one of those crises in affairs which are not tided over without great risks run. He summed up the odds instantaneously, with that profound perception of chances which his profession had forced upon him. Then he seized the departing stranger's arm—stayed him in the very moment of flight.

"MISS HAWLEY PRESENTED HERSELF SUDDELY IN THE MIST OF A CIRCLE OF MOORS, WHO WERE DRINKING AND SMOOKING IN THE 'TAP-ROOM'."



"Pardon me, sir," he said, feigning exquisitely the distressed relation, "but there is a young lady, very beautiful, the daughter of an old friend, who is among the masqueraders to-night. The mob grows rougher every moment; you have the air of a man of greater bodily strength than myself; 'twould be an act of chivalry, sir, if you would stay by—if you would help me see her to her coach."

Accent, gesture, intonation, all were so true, that the stranger, who had at first seemed disposed to resent his detention, felt that a genuine case of anxiety in Beauty's cause was before him, to which it behooved chivalry, at whatever disadvantages to himself, to minister. Mr. Barsac had, indeed, seldom played a better part. He had, however, never played before for such high stakes.

"Very well, sir; I will stay."

"'Tis very good of you, sir, so to put yourself out."

"Sir, to succor distressed Beauty is an infinite pleasure."

Mr. Barsac was now in a position rarely accorded to diplomatists of any kind in this world of chance and cross-purpose. He felt that, humanly speaking, the step which was to start a sinister intrigue could not possibly miscarry. The train was laid, the mine had escaped notice—he had but to apply the match. But at the moment his feeling of triumph was so intense that it became pain. His temples beat, he was unable to hear some remarks that the stranger addressed to him, unable to do anything but to keep standing, with eyes fixed, in a fascinated state, on the entrance, now rapidly being cleared of masqueraders, which was to disgorge his victim. Minutes seemed hours to the man! Would she never come?

Suddenly, quite suddenly, she appeared—a tall figure—of exquisite carriage, moving forward towards the door sedately, with a sort of insolent grace—a grace peculiar to herself—by which Barsac knew her at first sight, though her face was still masked.

Captain Foster was not by her side; indeed, the heat and the Burgundy combined had stretched the gallant Captain in the inner chamber, on an accommodating couch. Miss Hawley with one arm supported quite an old lady, who seemed half paralyzed at sight of the riotous crowd. With the other arm, when she had come to the top of the steps, she beckoned a gorgeous coach, on which coachmen and footmen slept, and which was standing on the other side of the street.

Instantly there rose a great derisive shout of "Masks off!" But the girl never moved. She stood there quite calmly facing the riot, like Artemis (in which guise indeed she had gone to the masquerade, though her rich furs concealed the appointments of the goddess), like Artemis facing a rout of Satyrs, grovelling and gibbering at her feet. But the Satyrs were this evening in no mood to be controlled by the goddess—at all events, not till they had seen her features. The cry of "Masks off!" was raised again, and an ominous growl of impatience throbbed through the crowd. Once more there was an ugly rush. Mr. Barsac, feeling that the fulness of time was come, whispered to the stranger, "'Tis she!" But he whispered to the empty air. Some hidden instinct had told the stranger this truth. He had sprung forward at the first threatening movement of the crowd, thrusting strong men off on each side with the ease of excited strength. Already he had reached the bottom step. In another instant he would have been by her side, when a ruffian dashed at Miss Hawley, and with brutal violence tore the mask from her face. In an instant the ravisher measured his length on the pavement. But the same instant had done Mr. Barsac's work.

The goddess stood confessed!

For a moment she stood there panting, transfixed like some beautiful Fury. Her lips parted, her fairy nostrils dilated with the very impotence of passion. Her face flooded all over with a most becoming crimson. The brutality of the assault had torn her furs

from her neck, disordered her hair, and a wild mass of auburn curls fell on to her lovely panting bosom.

For a moment her eyes were not for her avenger. They flamed such shafts of fiery indignation from their blue, luminous depths that the crowd drew back in a sort of half-circle, and even attempted a cheer. Having thus withered the wretches who had insulted her divinity, the goddess, somewhat appeased, turned those blue eyes for the first time, with a very different expression lighting them, on the romantic form of the stranger who had so suddenly avenged the deed. Their eyes met, and, lo, the goddess, who had never quailed before the roaring, raging mob, gave a little cry, a gasp, a sob—turned deadly pale, fainted like any ordinary girl, and would have fallen readlong down the steps on her beautiful face, had not the stranger's arms been opened ever so yearningly for her to fall into.

Mr. Barsac, standing on one side of the steps, saw every movement in this scene with a tigerish sort of smile fixed upon his lips, which seemed to draw the mole on the left corner of his mouth down almost to his jaw, and uncovered two gleaming teeth. He saw the deadly pallor blanch the girl's face. He heard the tell-tale sigh. He saw the stranger carry the inanimate beauty to her coach. He saw the kiss, the passionate kiss, which he printed on her hand. Then Mr. Barsac went up and touched the stranger on the shoulder, and signalled at the same time to the coachman to drive on.

"Come, sir," he said, as the man turned on him impatiently. "You have done admirably well. But 'tis enough for to-night."

At the moment the sound of Miss Hawley's departing carriage wheels were heard. The stranger turned in an ecstasy of despair at the sound.

"Desperation!" he cried. "I have lost her for ever!"

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Barsac. "Have I not told you that I am the lady's father's friend?" He motioned caution;

but a frezy seemed to have laid hold of the men.

"I would give KINGDOMS," he cried, "to know her name—to see her face once more—to speak to her, if but for a moment."

Mr. Barsac again motioned caution. "Kingdoms, my dear sir!" he said—"Kingdoms for such a trifle! Tut! Meet me at my lodgings opposite the Gate-house in Westminster, at four to-morrow afternoon, prepared for rough roads, and we will ride down to her father's house together."

A violent shake of the hand ratified this fatal contract. The stranger departed into the night—for in the absence of flambeaux night had now completely fallen on Soho Square—departed into the night, which seemed to close upon him and fold him round and round in gloomy, ominous folds. Mr. Barsac, still standing under the now deserted colonnade of Mrs. Cornely's, followed this retreating form till the darkness had altogether swallowed it up, and he heard but the distant hurried tread growing fainter and fainter, till it died away into silence. Then Mr. Barsac, for the first time almost in his life, laughed aloud. He rubbed his hands together frantically, and laughed aloud.

Mr. Barsac's laugh was horrible. It chilled two chairmen who issued at the moment from Mrs. Cornely's now completely deserted halls, and they told Mr. Barsac so, pointedly and to his face. These two chairmen carried a young man between them, who seemed to be wrapped in infant slumbers.

They plumped him into a sedan chair, and stumped off into the night. The young man was Captain Foster, who was thus being taken in blissful ignorance to bed.

Left alone once more, Mr. Barsac thus summed up the situation. "To-morrow, at four, I and Mr. Browne ride to the father's house in Kent." Then looking at his watch—"Well, 'tis to-morrow already—not time is to be lost. Before striking the quarry, I

must arrange my terms. . . . Yes. . . . Undoubtedly. . . . 'Tis best that I should see my Lord Bute at once——"

And then Mr. Barsac, too, stole off in the gloom, out of the south side of the Square. And Soho was left as still and as dark and as desolate as if the masquerade at Madame Cornely's had never been.

III.

THE EARL OF BUTE'S CABINET IN LEICESTER HOUSE

A neighboring church clock struck two as Mr. Barsac was on his way to interview his patron; and two o'clock in the morning may seem an uncommon hour for even an official visit to a Secretary of State. Mr. Barsac, however, with all his failings of religion and temper, was not the sort of person to fall into vulgar errors of time and place. He knew his man, or, rather, his master; besides, he had no ordinary secret to disclose, or to keep secret, as impending issues might determine.

It may be gathered from this that Mr. Barsac thought that he was in for a good thing. He did more than this; he believed that his night's experience had put a trump-card into his hand which he had no notion of parting with unless it was made worth his while. In the way of recompense he aimed high. Never before, he felt, had this tendency been so justified; and the reflection was as a sort of wine, which urged him forward on his walk, intoxicating him almost, making his steps reel, bringing inarticulate exclamations of triumph to his parched lips. This man was by nature excitable to the verge of epilepsy. It is when such temperaments possess the added power of control, when control is vital, that they move mountains. Their calm is deadly.

Leicester House, where my Lord Bute (recently raised to the dignity of Secretary of State) had at the time apartments, stood on the present site of the Empire Theatre, and was one of

the Royal Palaces till the year 1766, when Carlton House came into existence. It was built early in the seventeenth century by Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and had been considerably enlarged by the addition of Savile House. Everywhere, seen dimly through the driving snow, sentries were on guard. One of these, a Scotchman, with a phenomenally blue nose, barred Mr. Barsac's way, as he made—almost with the air of a proprietor—for a side entrance, and asked him, in a pronounced North-country accent, to stay where he was, on pain of being made a thing o'er which eagles flapped their wings. Then, suddenly recognizing whom he was threatening, he grounded his piece, became painfully subservient, and offered even to show the way.

Mr. Barsac, however, knew well whither he was going, and entered the palace with a satisfied step, though he was not altogether certain that he was not a little late.

After passing through a long corridor, however, and emerging into a sort of inner hall, he saw a sight which laid these fears to rest. Round a door, on the right-hand side, a group of some twelve men lounged in various attitudes of muscular repose. Most of these men had broken noses—all of them had square jaws—hair cut to the skin—calves which seemed to call aloud for fetters, and a uniformly vigilant and villainous expression about the eyes, which proclaimed them professors of the noble art. They were, in point of fact, my Lord Bute's body-guard of pugilists without whom that already most unpopular of all Ministers rarely dared venture into the streets. They had just returned with their charge from a late entertainment, and were waiting to be paid.

One of them, quite a picture of sinewy depravity, who was lounging with his back against the door, having a straw in his mouth, nodded to Mr. Barsac familiarly, made way for him, and opened the Ministerial sanctum with a kick, without going through the for-

mality of knocking; upon which the following words came borne from the inner chamber, in deliberate metallic tones:—

"D—n you, you dogs, keep quiet, or I will have you thonged." Undeterred by this doubtful invitation to enter, Mr. Barsac passed in, the prizefighter keeping the door open behind him purposely. They were tired of waiting for their pay, and wanted to go to bed and be at rest.

A tall, elegant man, dressed in sky-blue velvet, but in his shirt-sleeves, was bending over a table in an oak-wainscoted room, studying an architect's plan and sucking an orange. The full-bottomed coat, and the sword which he had just taken off, were thrown carelessly on to a chair by his side. A glass of water and a carafe betrayed the temperate habits of the proprietor. A low-burning fire bore witness to the student's zeal.

My Lord Bute, interrupted in his studies by a cough from Mr. Barsac, looked up, with a sort of languid irritation, and evidently supposed that his architectural researches had again been interrupted by pugilism; for he raised a pair of black and finely-marked eye-brows perceptibly. Then his eyes encountered his visitor's. He nodded to him faintly, and motioned him to a chair.

Mr. Barsac took a seat, eyeing his patron keenly. His patron, still intent on Kirby's "Perspective of Architecture," took no more notice of Mr. Barsac than if he had not been in the room; he still held the orange in his hand, sucking it from time to time, and turned over the leaves of his book lingeringly. Presently he looked up, and saw the classic forms of his bodyguard blocking the doorway. Their small eyes swam with desire to be paid after their labors, and to be at rest.

"Not gone yet, you dogs!" said my Lord Bute. He spoke with a peculiar sort of metallic drawl, and let his cold glance rest on the pugilists with such ineffable contempt in it that they fidgetted and bobbed their heads depre-

catingly, as if they had sudden doubts of their being worthy of their hire. When my Lord Bute felt that he had made them sufficiently uncomfortable for their temerity, he removed his glance from them to his book.

"Give the dogs two guineas, Barsac," he said, "and let them go. Faugh! The place smells like a cock-pit."

Mr. Barsac, who had been deputed to the doubtful honor of paying for his patron's bodyguard before this night, did as he was bid with smothered curses. When the prizefighters had been dismissed, also using strange words, and Mr. Barsac returned to his seat, he found the Earl still at his studies, with a scented handkerchief to his nose.

There was a pause. The clock ticked loudly on the mantelpiece—as loudly almost as Mr. Barsac's heart, as he felt that the moment for delicate diplomacy—for selling his great secret, or keeping it—was come. The man was all in a tremble.

"Are you cold, Barsac?" asked the student, not looking up from his book.

Mr. Barsac looked at the almost extinguished fire, and said that he was cold.

The Earl rang a handbell, which was standing by his side, and said pointedly to a footman, who appeared yawning, "Some coals for Mr. Barsac."

The man said there were no coals.

"Some wine, then, for Mr. Barsac."

The man, with a broad grin on his mouth, said that there was no wine.

"Why is there no wine for Mr. Barsac?" looking up.

The man, the picture of servile propriety in a moment, began a long explanation of how the bottle of port that his Grace had given out the week before—

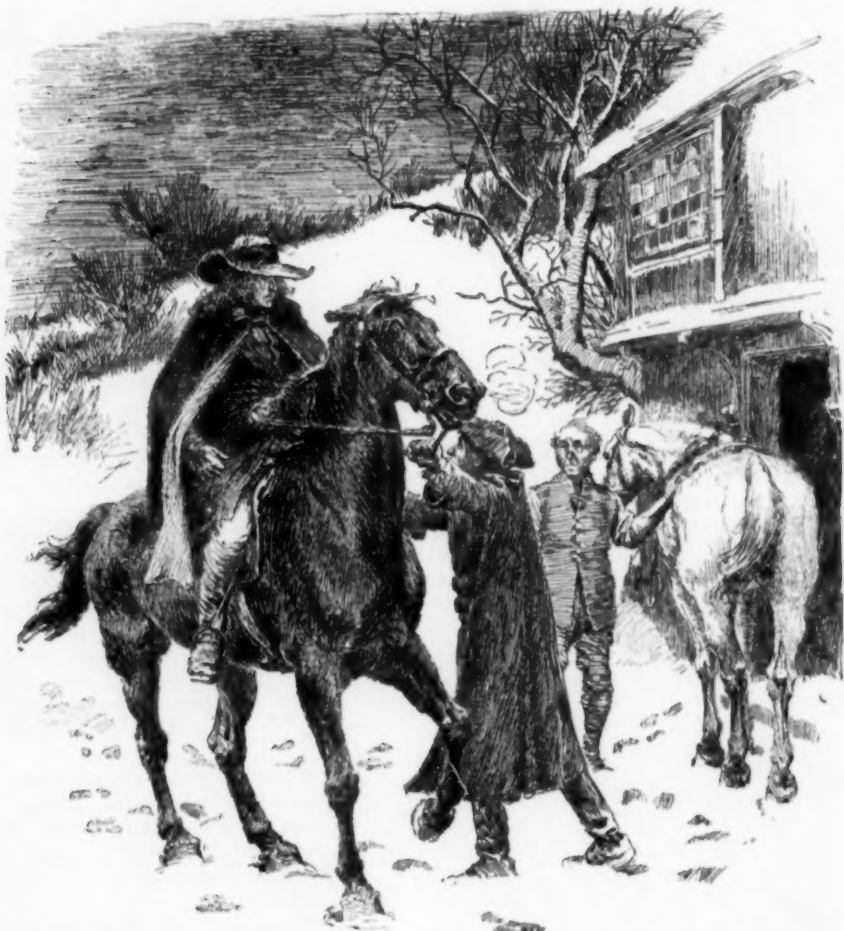
But the Earl interrupted the recital for him somewhat abruptly. "You are a careless blockhead," he said, "and can go."

The footman withdrew smirking. Mr. Barsac also indulged himself in a

sardonic smile at this domestic illustration of nationality afforded by a Secretary of State.

The Earl noticed this smile. "'Tis three o'clock, Barsac," he said, drily.

was at the moment, that is to say, making a small drawing of a perpendicular window on a sheet of note-paper.) "Let us hear your news, Barsac. I have seen nothing of you, be good enough



"WITH ONE OF THOSE CURIOUSLY ALERT MOVEMENTS OF HIS MR. BARSAC CAUGHT THE BRIDLE OF THE SPEAKER'S HORSE."

"Your Grace may judge that I should not have presumed to disturb your State labors were I not the bearer of news."

"Let us hear your news, Barsac." (My Lord Bute was still at his State labors, as described by Mr. Barsac. He

to remember, since your return—ah! I have touched that prettily—since your return from France, where I gather your mission was completely unsatisfactory and unsuccessful. Oblige me by that india-rubber."

Mr. Barsac reached this then little-

known invention. His patron went on speaking with a deliberate pomposity of utterance, his words slowly dropping out at regular intervals after a pause, and still drawing.

"My friend," he said, "your Jacobite rising, which was to make your fortune, has ended in ignominious collapse. You have spent a great deal of time and money in the discovery of a mare's-nest in France; your over-developed susceptibility to suspicion has caused me to spend a great deal of time and money in the discovery of a mare's-nest in England. Your secret meetings of conspirators have proved drinking bouts at low taverns of crazy Jacobites. Your whole intelligence has turned out a canard of the completest possible description, and I thank my God and my temperament that though I had the credulity to be taken in by your fables, I have had the caution to keep them to myself. May I trouble you for that pair of compasses? And now for your news, Barsac. But no more Jacobinism, as you love me—or your place."

"Yet it is of Jacobinism," said Mr. Barsac, eyeing his patron keenly, "that I am here at three in the morning to speak to your lordship."

"Then I think, Barsac, 'twere best to close the interview at once."

"Not till I have told your lordship my news."

Then, heedless of a deprecatory appeal to heaven, Mr. Barsac went on, his voice and his color rising as he spoke.

"Your lordship has been pleased to be severe on my over-developed susceptibility to suspicion—satirical on the subject of the supposed Jacobite plot. 'Tis an imaginative canard according to your lordship. Let me tell your lordship what I have just seen."

He paused, looked round the room anxiously, then approached his patron, who was still drawing, with an expression of incredulous apathy on his face, and whispered a few words feverishly.

The pencil fell from Lord Bute's hand. He stared incredulously. But

a convulsive twitch passed over his lips, the hand which carried the scented handkerchief to his mouth, as if to conceal this symptom, shook as if with ague.

"You have been drinking surely, Barsac!"

"Drinking! But one glass of Burgundy has passed my lips to-day. Feel my pulse. My hand trembles? Is it marvellous that my hand trembles? It has been in *his*!"

"Good God!" cried my Lord Bute.

He sat as if dazed. Then he rose, and paced the room with a sort of constrained calm—a calm which would have concealed from most people how profoundly he was moved.

Mr. Barsac, however, was too practised an observer to be taken in. This agitation of his patron was as wine to him. It gauged the coming reward.

Suddenly the Earl of Bute paused in his walk, as if some sudden fear had upset his calculations.

"Barsac," he said; "you have done nothing rashly—You have not——"

"I have done nothing," said Mr. Barsac, now quite calm. "But I have laid the train for all."

My Lord of Bute gave a great sign of relief.

"You have shown yourself meritoriously adroit."

He sat down, took up a pencil, and, as if the action had some direct physical control over his nerve centres, fell at once into his accustomed phlegmatic calm, and his slow pomposity of utterance with it.

"In the present situation of affairs," he began, letting his cold glance fall now and again on his agent, as if sounding him, "in the present situation of affairs, 'twould be impossible for me, even with all my opportunities for forming a solid opinion granted, to predicate what would in this case be the result of precipitate action. His Majesty, in all the glamour of his new dignity, is more Christianly than ever disposed towards his enemies. On our side we have failed hitherto (though it is evident now that our failure in such

matter must be attributed to the dilatoriness of our agents); we have failed hitherto, I say, to lay hands on any threads which connect this strange visit with the odium and the penalties of a Jacobite conspiracy. And so, Barsac, if you follow me—though this affair, if delicately conducted to its conclusion, should make you for ever—I repeat that, as affairs are at present situated, I could not predicate how the matter would be received in the highest quarters, were this interesting stranger to be openly and uncompromisingly arrested in the streets of London."

"My conduct," said Mr. Barsac, "has, up to now, been modelled on your lordship's fears. But," said Mr. Barsac, "were that 'interesting stranger' taken quite quietly in an old dining-room, in an old house buried in the country, yet within fifteen miles from London; were he detained there, secretly, decently, almost as a guest—till I had time to communicate with you—to trace with you the backward steps of this rash visit, till they lead us, as lead us they surely will, into the hot nest of some Jacobite intrigue—if, I say, I were to do all this exactly as I have described it to your lordship—to say, 'Here is this Rat, who has troubled all our peace, trapped quietly in an old moat house. Choose your time, my lord, to put your hand upon him'—how would the matter be received in the highest quarters then? How should we stand toward the highest quarter?"

Mr. Barsac spoke with passion: with the abandon of an agent whose first cautious step in a negotiation has been labelled by his patron adroit.

My Lord Bute paused for a minute before he replied—then, drawing fine lines on a piece of blotting paper, he said slowly, unimpassionedly, "If things were managed as you have described them, Barsac, our situation towards the highest authorities would stand as nearly as possible thus—my position in the Ministry would be inordinately and desirably strengthened,

and yours would be a justifiably recognized position of claimant for a Government reward of £30,000."

Mr. Barsac felt faint. The dark room, the dying embers in the grate, the Earl of Bute himself all swam round in a sort of wild phantasmagoria. He clutched both arms of his chair, fiercely, to steady himself. He closed his eyes. £30,000! It was a dream surely!

Suddenly he began to talk hoarsely—"Write me an order for a file of soldiers," he said. All sense of his patron's rank had left him. "Let them leave London before daylight. Let them lie at some place within striking distance of General Hawley's, in Kent."

My Lord Bute, who was already writing, paused at this ominous name. No Jacobite who had ever read of the red orgie of frantic butchery which followed the rout of Culloden ever thought of the Duke of Cumberland's sympathetic second in command without a curse and a shudder.

"My General Hawley's house," said the Earl, "is a strange lure for a bird of our stranger's feather."

"'Tis to General Hawley's house that I nevertheless lead him at night-fall to-morrow. 'Tis imperative that, in case of an attempted escape, the soldiers should see our man. They can see him as he passes with me down to the house. To this end, by six o'clock, let them line the wood which fringes the carriage-drive—'tis as dark as a wolf's mouth, the cover is impenetrable—and I will precede our stranger down the steep descent to the house. I can turn a lantern on his face in the act of showing him the way. No case of mistaken identity can then be possible. When we have passed, let them surround the house at the distance of twenty paces."

Here Mr. Barsac paused, and wiped the damp from his brow. The Earl of Bute continued writing quietly. When he had finished, he sealed what he had written.

"May I rely, my lord," said Barsac,

"on my directions, which are all important, being accurately given to the officer in command?"

"They are accurately given here," said the Earl, calmly tapping the paper. "They will be in the officer's hands in a few minutes. They will be as accurately carried out." Then, as the other rose satisfied, the Earl said, "Barsac, you are a shrewd man. But even your ingenuity could not have drawn such a prize with such a magnet as General Hawley. I can guess the attraction which brings our moth to his death."

And Barsac, turning at the door, said, with his sinister smile, "None should speak with better authority than My Lord Bute of the mysterious fascination—of women." He bowed, and went out.

My Lord Bute remained standing for a moment, with a self-satisfied smile playing on his lips. He glanced at a portrait of a handsome, imperious-looking woman which hung on the wall opposite. This portrait represented Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the reigning King's mother. The Earl of Bute took a pinch of snuff, and raised his eyebrows slightly. This gesture was a tribute to departed passion. Then the Earl rang the bell. He gave Mr. Barsac's dictated instructions to a servant who entered, and bade him carry it safely to its address as he valued his life; and then, when he was once more alone, this Secretary of State returned again with a smile to his old love, which was neither political ambition, nor Jacobite hunting, nor Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, but Kirby's "Perspective of Architecture," and the description of a new instrument called the "Architectonic Sextor," which had been invented by my Lord Bute himself.

It still wanted an hour of dawn when Mr. Barsac emerged from Leicester House with a reeling step and an eye which blazed with triumph. For some time this man, so usually self-possessed, walked aimlessly, not knowing where he was going, knocking up against tipsy revellers, blindly passing

on his way, deaf to deep-mouthed complaints. Everywhere thirty thousand pounds burned before him—in the gloom, in the invisible sky, on the murky sides of the houses, on the soiled, trampled snow—everywhere, as if written in the dark with phosphoric letters—everywhere was the palpable advertisement of the fortune that he had gained in an instant. His forehead burned; then the fear struck him that he was going to have a fit. He threw his hat on the ground, took up huge handfuls of snow in each hand, and pressed them to his brow convulsively. Presently he began to grow calmer. He leant against some railings and waited, trying to collect himself. A faint, grey light almost imperceptibly showed itself in the East; a watchman's voice droned out the hour—the dawn of Mr. Barsac's fated day was come.

With the return of light Mr. Barsac's shaken self-control came back to him. He felt ashamed of his disorder. He recollected at the same moment that a vital portion of his plan remained still unlaunched. He made for Captain Foster's chambers in Bond Street with something of his old deliberate manner. Coming down Piccadilly in the grey morning light, he met a file of soldiers, marching quickly, in grey coats; they passed mysteriously, noiselessly by, through the deep snow. There was something fatal about them to Mr. Barsac; they were his guard on their way down to the trap in Kent. They passed quickly by and disappeared. Mr. Barsac looked after them and laughed.

He was told when he reached Captain Foster's lodgings in Bond Street, as he expected to be told, it being barely five in the morning, that the Captain was not up. Mr. Barsac, notwithstanding, elected immediately to see him, and mounted, amidst murmurs from the valet, to an upper chamber. Here he found the gallant proprietor stretched, in a state of abject dejection and lassitude, on a couch.

"I have found your rival, Foster,"

said Mr. Barsac; "you will gather he is more dangerous than I thought him. When I tell you that he has planned to carry off Miss Hawley this very night from her father's house in Kent——"

"'Tis impossible! Who is the man? How came you to hear of it?"

"The man's name is Mr. Browne," said Mr. Barsac, "and I came to hear of his plan because he told it me, and because, as an old friend, I have offered to help him."

"I am vastly obliged to you. By God, I will drive my sword through his heart."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Barsac, a sudden and new fear suggesting itself. "You have already promised to place yourself in my hands in this matter, and this is what you will do. You ride down in front of Miss Hawley's coach this morning to her father's house?"

"Ay?"

"Well, in order that my scheme for the entrapping of this audacious gallant may be carried out as quietly as possible without Miss Hawley being in the least distressed by a suspicion of what is going on (she is a complete innocent in the matter, my dear Foster, as I shall presently prove to you), you will do this. You will make it your duty to see that Miss Hawley does not leave her father's house on any pretext whatsoever."

"She is not likely to this weather."

"True; but she may. And if she insists on going out, see that you go with her."

"Barsac, these precautions do not point to Miss Hawley's innocence."

"Tut, man! Precautions are but precautions, and are always better taken. At what hour does Miss Hawley start for Kent?"

"At eight o'clock, confound it. And I have the damnablest browache. Here, you!" (calling to his valet) "bring me some ale and my boots."

Mr. Barsac was surprised at the early hour of Miss Hawley's departure for her home. On inquiry he learnt from Captain Foster that the young

lady had promised her father to be back from London early, so as to be in time to receive some distinguished guest. Mr. Barsac now remembered a remark of Lord Bute's that he would find a strange guest at the Moat House to meet his stranger, and his curiosity was deeply moved. No interrogatories, however, administered to Captain Foster proved able to relieve it. The Captain professed entire ignorance as to whom the distinguished guest might be, and in the fulness of time departed on his duty of escorting Miss Hawley to her father's house in Kent to meet him.

Mr. Barsac (all his plans had now been completely laid) went away calmly to a neighbouring coffee-house and breakfasted. He ate a large meal slowly, thought for an hour afterwards, and trifled with a gold toothpick. He saw as in a vision before him the old Moat House in Kent, the file of soldiers by now quartered in the neighbouring village, Captain Foster and Miss Hawley, puppets in his hands, travelling down the snow-covered roads shortly to be traversed by himself and his victim. The whole of the sinister drama which he had set in action unfolded itself before him, even to its sombre conclusion. And Mr. Barsac was satisfied—satisfied but for one consideration. He was a man who liked to know all the factors in his scheme, and in this scheme an unknown factor had suddenly asserted itself. This unknown factor was General Hawley's distinguished visitor, the strange guest, who, according to Lord Bute, would be at the Moat House to welcome Mr. Barsac's stranger. Mr. Barsac was troubled.

"I would give much to know," he said, "who the party may be."

This aspiration was to be gratified. Having digested his breakfast, and with the thoughts of the distinguished visitor still running in his head, Mr. Barsac put his hat on, and made for his lodgings in Westminster, via Pall Mall. Opposite Schomberg House a gorgeous coach, covered with gilt, was

drawn up. Four stout roadsters were in the traces, and the coachman, to judge from his wraps and the color of his nose, seemed to have prepared himself for a long journey. As Mr. Barsac, who knew the equipage well by sight, as indeed did all London, drew near from mere idle curiosity to have a look at it, the doors of Schomberg House were thrown open, and an enormously burly, thick-set man, so swathed in coats and capes that his face was almost invisible, moved slowly down the steps. He leaned heavily on a loaded stick, and walked with difficulty. A few faint cheers rose from bystanders, and heads were uncovered. These salutations the stout man acknowledged by touching the brim of his hat with a gouty finger. But, on a cry being raised of "Culloden! Culloden!" by a small boy standing in front of Mr. Barsac, the stout man paused, and turned suddenly on the offender such a fierce glance, from a wild, blood-shot eye, as froze him instantly into silence. Then he stepped painfully into the coach: the door was closed, and it drove away.

Mr. Barsac, being known personally to one of the servants of the household who remained loitering about the steps, went up and spoke to him.

"The duke spends his Christmas out of town?" he asked.

"Ay, at my General Hawley's, in Kent. Come in and have a glass."

But Mr. Barsac felt no need for any further stimulant. "The Duke of Cumberland is my General Hawley's distinguished visitor, is he?" he said to himself. "The Duke of Cumberland the strange guest at the Moat House, who will make my stranger stare? Well, the shambles should indeed be ready when the Butcher of Culloden makes for them. It is time that the victim should be prepared."

And Mr. Barsac hurried to his lodgings in Westminster to prepare for his appointment with Mr. Browne.

IV.

A DARK NIGHT'S BUSINESS

A tramp crouching from the driving snow behind some rotten hurdles, crouching there from dawn till night fell on the London Road, saw all the actors in this drama pass before him on their way down to the Old Moat House in Kent—the long file of soldiers, a silent line moving mechanically through the grey morning light; Captain Foster, his head bent to the saddle-bow beneath the bitter blast, riding through deep drifts in front of Miss Hawley's chariot; the great state coach of His Grace the Duke of Cumberland lumbering by some hours afterwards, the snow thick on the roof, the postillions plying whip and spur; finally, as evening fell, Mr. Barsac and Mr. Browne riding furiously, their capes streaming in the wind, their horses' sides red from the rowels, a pair of as wild horsemen as a solitary roadside watcher ever looked upon.

The tramp crouching by the side of the London Road saw all these figures pass by him in the order named in the course of a short winter's day. But he did not heed them—did not connect them in any way with each other. Why should he? He had other things to think of; how to keep himself warm for one. What to him were possible dramas in rich people's lives? Nothing. He just wondered where the soldiers were going to so early, thought that the last two horsemen seemed hurried, and that is all he thought about the matter. He coiled himself round two or three times like a dog, and fell asleep. And yet few travellers have passed on one road to the one goal, to issues big with impending fate, more fury-haunted, more possessed.

Behind the charioteer of Miss Hawley's carriage in particular dark Care sat perched. Since her fainting-fit the night before on the steps of Mrs. Cornely's, Miss Hawley had scarcely opened her lips. A cold terror pos-

sessed this girl; she shuddered at the thought that a weak woman's agitation might have betrayed vital hopes. A prey in one moment to a hundred fears and bitter self-reproaches, silence was her sole solace. By her silence she could at least do no further harm. She

who for years she had known and worshipped only through a picture, who through a picture had recognised her in an instant, had suddenly shone out of a sordid London crowd, like some splendid knight-errant of the past, shielded her from a mob's brutal fury.



THE COURTYARD OF THE MOAT.

sat so still all through the long journey into Kent—lying back in the corner of the carriage, closely wrapped in her furs, that her maid, a lynx-eyed, demure deceiver, who sat opposite, more than once thought that her mistress must have fainted, she lay back in the corner there, so deadly still.

Yes, deadly still, but with her heart beating wildly for the Stranger of Romance, for the presence who had inspired her with an ideal passion—a passion born and fed only by a picture—

clasped her passionately in his arms! And she—she had betrayed him like some nervous schoolgirl! The thought maddened her. He might now be, at the very moment, as she was sitting there in her comfort, and her furs, and her luxury, a friendless captive in the hands of implacable enemies. Ah, no! the very thought was too cruel for Heaven to permit it. A girl's prayers must go for something—such abominations could not be. No doubt, in spite of her vile, criminal weakness,

the object of her adoration had passed without notice—had left England, had escaped.

Miss Hawley closed her eyes, half comforted.

"Law, miss, look; there's a soldier."

These words were spoken in vulgar tones by Miss Hawley's maid, but no doom thundered by the Sybil ever fell more fatally on hearer's ears. Miss Hawley rose from her seat as if electrified, and looked out. Yes, sure enough, there stood one of the red-coats, whom Jacobite instincts had led this young lady to look upon as accursed, smoking his pipe quietly in front of a tavern-door. The carriage was at this moment passing through a village within a mile of the Moat House. Miss Hawley pulled the check-string for the coachman to stop. A servant alighted from the box, and asked if Miss wanted anything.

"Go into that house," said Miss Hawley, "and ask a soldier you will find inside what he is doing there."

The man departed, after staring a little. Presently he returned and said,

"There is no soldier there, miss."

"Where is Captain Foster? Tell Captain Foster I want to speak to him." But Captain Foster had ridden on to the Moat House to advertise their arrival.

Miss Hawley was now deadly pale.

"Open the door," she said, calmly. "I wish to get out."

The man muttered something about the snow being deep, and the maid begged her mistress not to catch her death of cold. Before they had either of them time, however, to take any further prohibitory measures, their mistress had leaped from the carriage, hurried through the deep snow, and presented herself suddenly in the midst of a circle of boors, who sat drinking and smoking in the tap-room of the public house.

She stood there for a moment so breathless with her excitement and the suddenness of the action that she was unable to speak. She looked like some white apparition suddenly fallen upon

this circle of sin. The Circle of Sin, having recovered themselves, recognised her, and rose bowing.

"Why do you tell my servant that there is no soldier here?" she said.

The Circle of Sin with one accord said again that there was no soldier there. Miss Hawley stamped her foot; it was a characteristic action of hers.

"How can you tell such wicked stories?" she said. "I saw the man enter the door with my own eyes."

The Circle of Sin with one accord said again that there was no soldier there. Miss Hawley now asked for the landlord. She was told he was out. She then asked for his daughter. She was told that the daughter was out too. Then Miss Hawley, addressing one of the Circle of Sin by his name, Joe Hobbs, asked him how he dared to treat her in this disgraceful manner. And Joe Hobbs, for all reply, begged his humble duty. Said he meant no offence—didn't know how he offended. There was no soldier in the house. And then deep quiet fell upon these elders.

Miss Hawley darted a glance of violent indignation at the Assembly of Silence, left the room, and went back to her carriage, and gave the order, "Home."

As the sound of the departing wheels died away each elder put a pipe into his mouth, and a soldier fully accoutred stepped out of a cupboard.

The man wiped his forehead, said that he had had a narrow squeak, swore the elders to secrecy, and having armed himself with a bottle of brandy, rejoined his companions, who were resting in a sequestered barn.

Miss Hawley's heart meanwhile burned within her. What was this wretch of a redcoat doing within a mile of her father's house? Why had the man disappeared so suddenly? Ah! he was afraid of being seen. There was some secret trap prepared for somebody. The man had no doubt joined hidden companions. Treachery was in the air. Treachery against whom?

Miss Hawley felt chilled—wild fears passed tumultuously through her brain. Presently the stopping of the coach told that she was at home. Now she would have an opportunity of collecting her thoughts in quiet. Quiet was what she wanted.

She alighted, taking Captain Foster's hand mechanically, not seeming to recognize the appealing look in his eyes, or the hand pressure which sought to detain her.

She broke from him, hurried up a winding staircase, along a gloomy corridor, locked herself feverishly into her room. It was a long, low, narrow room this. Quaint tables, high-backed chairs, a small canopied bed in one corner showed ghost-like in the flickering firelight. A window overlooked the moat. In the gloom of the winter's evening which had closed in the moat looked mysterious, wicked, deadly. The girl let her eyes rest on it for a minute, then drew the curtains close with a shudder.

With trembling hands she unlocked her jewel-case and drew out a richly-chased casket. She kissed the case passionately, and then opened it with a cry of delight, and gazed rapt at a beautiful miniature handsomely set in diamonds. The miniature represented the hero of the episode outside Mrs. Cornely's, the distinguished stranger whom Mr. Barsac described as Mr. Browne, and as it represented Mr. Browne in the full costume of a Highland chieftain, wearing his own fair hair falling in rich curls to the shoulders, it showed a resemblance nothing short of striking between him and Captain Foster.

Then Miss Hawley fell upon her knees and prayed. She prayed long, wildly, for the safety of the man whose portrait she held clasped to her heart—that safety which some strange, vivid woman's instinct, throbbing within her, told her she had endangered. She prayed that he might escape out of his enemy's hands, out of the hands of the wicked, blood-thirsty wretches who

had hunted him down in times past (and here Miss Hawley, with a shudder, put up a little prayer for forgiveness for her father), out of the hands of the wicked, who still panted for that precious blood.

And as she prayed, Mr. Barsac and the subject of her prayer, riding wildly through deep snowdrifts, drew nearer and nearer on the London Road, and a magnificent travelling-coach drawn by four horses entered the avenue leading down to the house; and after the magnificent coach, and unseen by its occupant, came, marching silently into the avenue, half a regiment of soldiers. They spread out right and left of the road; they lined the wood on each side; they drew a thin, red, cruel line around the Moat House itself, and, lying hidden, waited.

And still the girl, kneeling in the gloom of the dimly-lighted room, prayed passionately, in an ecstasy of rapt self-abandonment, in a blessed unconsciousness of the fatalities that were mustering out there in the wild night—prayed the same burning, simple prayers over and over again—prayed with a faith that should have moved mountains, that the stranger might escape out of the hands of the wicked who panted for his blood.

Suddenly, as if in answer to this prayer, confused noises interrupted it. Carriage-wheels grinding over loose stones, the opening wide of creaking doors, orders shouted, hurrying steps, the many-voiced hubbub which heralds the advent of a distinguished guest; and then, after a silence, a heavy, solitary tread on a stone floor—a tread which had something pitiless in it.

It was the Duke of Cumberland.

An hour afterwards the large bell of the Moat House ringing for dinner fell upon the ears of two travellers, as they rode fiercely up to the door of the small village inn. The first of these two men called loudly for the ostler, the other sat motionless in his saddle, sombre, his hat pulled over his brows, his head

sunk upon his chest; he looked spectrelike seen thus, through the steam rising from his heaving horse.

The first of these two men, who was Mr. Barsac, dismounted, and gave his horse to the ostler. "We are for the Moat House," he said; "we leave our horses here."

The man said that they were wise not to risk a ride down a frozen precipice in pitch darkness. He then approached the other's horse and laid hold of the rein.

But the rider, speaking thickly, told him with a curse to stand off.

"Why Mr. Browne," said Mr. Barsac, "we dismount here, if it please you. The descent to the Moat House is so steep, the road so slippery, the night so dark."

"Then I purpose riding back to London."

With one of those curiously alert movements of his Mr. Barsac caught the bridle of the speaker's horse just as his rider turned him suddenly to carry out this resolve.

"Sir," he said, speaking nervously and rapidly, "'tis impossible for me to believe from what I have seen of you that you can really meditate such an act of discourtesy."

"Discourtesy, sir! And in what, pray, does the discourtesy lie? I am not expected at your Moat House."

"No, sir; but you have prevailed upon me to introduce you as an uninvited visitor. You have caused me a long ride in bitter weather. I have performed my part faithfully at probable injury to my health. 'Tis not agreeable to see such labor wasted for a whim, if you will excuse the speech." And Mr. Barsac bowed with reproachful courtesy. Wounded self-esteem was in his tones; but he kept a feverish grip of the stranger's bridle. The stranger seemed touched.

"Whims govern me, sir," he said, and he laughed a little wildly; then threw himself off his horse rather than dismounted. "Show me where the lady lives, sir."

"If the gentleman means Miss Hawley," began the ostler.

Mr. Browne gave a great start.

"Hawley!" he exclaimed, turning pale.

"Orley, Orley," said Mr. Barsac, with a soft impetuosity. "These rustics never spare themselves an H." And then he turned and withered the ostler with a look. This look of Mr. Barsac's was simply devilish.

"Orley," said Mr. Browne. "Orley! Hawley! God! what an extraordinary thing!" Then thickly to the ostler retiring with the two horses, "Ho! there you, sir! Send me out some brandy, d'ye hear? Pah!—the very name's mention makes me, as it were, faint."

"An unpleasant recollection associated with it, sir?" said Mr. Barsac.

"A damnable one, sir. Where is this brandy?"

It came in a moment or two; brought in by a strapping, rosy-cheeked barmaid, who eyed Mr. Browne admiringly, and asked whether he would not take it inside, out of the cold. Mr. Browne, with great gallantry, touched the girl under the chin and said, "No, thanks, pretty one." Then he took a good draught, and gave the girl a crown to buy herself some ribbons with.

"I feel better, sir," he said to Mr. Barsac, who had watched this interlude with smiling face. "Shall we proceed?"

"At your pleasure. Thank you, no brandy. I will just borrow a lantern from the people of the house here, and then we shall be quite prepared."

After a minute or two, Mr. Barsac returned, carrying a large lantern in his hand. This lantern was not acquired by Mr. Barsac for the purpose of showing a road which he knew perfectly; but for the purpose of showing Mr. Browne perfectly to his captors, who did not know him.

The two men passed away together into the night. Mr. Barsac, walking quite close to Mr. Browne, whose

movements were a trifle unsteady, pressed him to put his arm in his, and trust entirely to his guidance; but the stranger refused this proffer irritably; explained that he was a mountaineer; that, compared with his past experiences, the road showed no difficulty. So they walked on through the deep snow side by side.

In the middle of an abrupt descent Mr. Barsac paused. He pointed with a hand which trembled slightly to an entrance gate on the left. This gate was the mouth of the trap. The woods beyond it swarmed with soldiers.

"This is our way, sir," Mr. Barsac's voice trembled like his hand as he spoke. "And as our way runs now through deep woodlands, it is well that I am come prepared."

"'Tis a strangely out-of-the-way place, surely, that you are leading me to," said Mr. Browne.

"It is an out-of-the-way place," said Mr. Barsac.

He laughed unpleasantly, and led the way into the wood, preceding Mr. Browne, and throwing the light of his lantern neither on the right nor the left, but very carefully straight on to the road in front of him. The track plunged down now, almost precipitously, through dense coverts, which had been allowed for years to run riot—gnarled boughs of oaks twisted themselves overhead—the darkness was impenetrable. Mr. Barsac, walking cautiously in front of his victim, seemed to feel the hot breath of the ambuscade strike his face on either side. Arrived at a certain bend in the road, in the very densest part of the plantation, Mr. Barsac suddenly turned, and flashed his lantern full on Mr. Browne's face.

"Take care here, sir," he said, "or you will fall."

The action was instantaneous. But in that instant the eyes of the ambuscade devoured their victim. Fifty soldiers lying on each side of the path saw this man's face revealed to them with an instantaneous vividness with which they had never seen face re-

vealed before. The dark curls, the handsome voluptuous features, the melancholy expression, the pose of the head flared suddenly upon them—a light out of darkness. There could be no mistake in the future on the part of these men. For them the identity was unmistakable. It was an eternal photograph.

The gate at the top of the wood, which Mr. Barsac and Mr. Browne had left open, clanged behind them. Mr. Barsac turned his lantern from Mr. Browne's face, directed it to the path in front of him; once more recommenced the descent.

Suddenly he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against the nape of his neck. He was seized in a grasp of iron, and a voice said quietly in his ear:

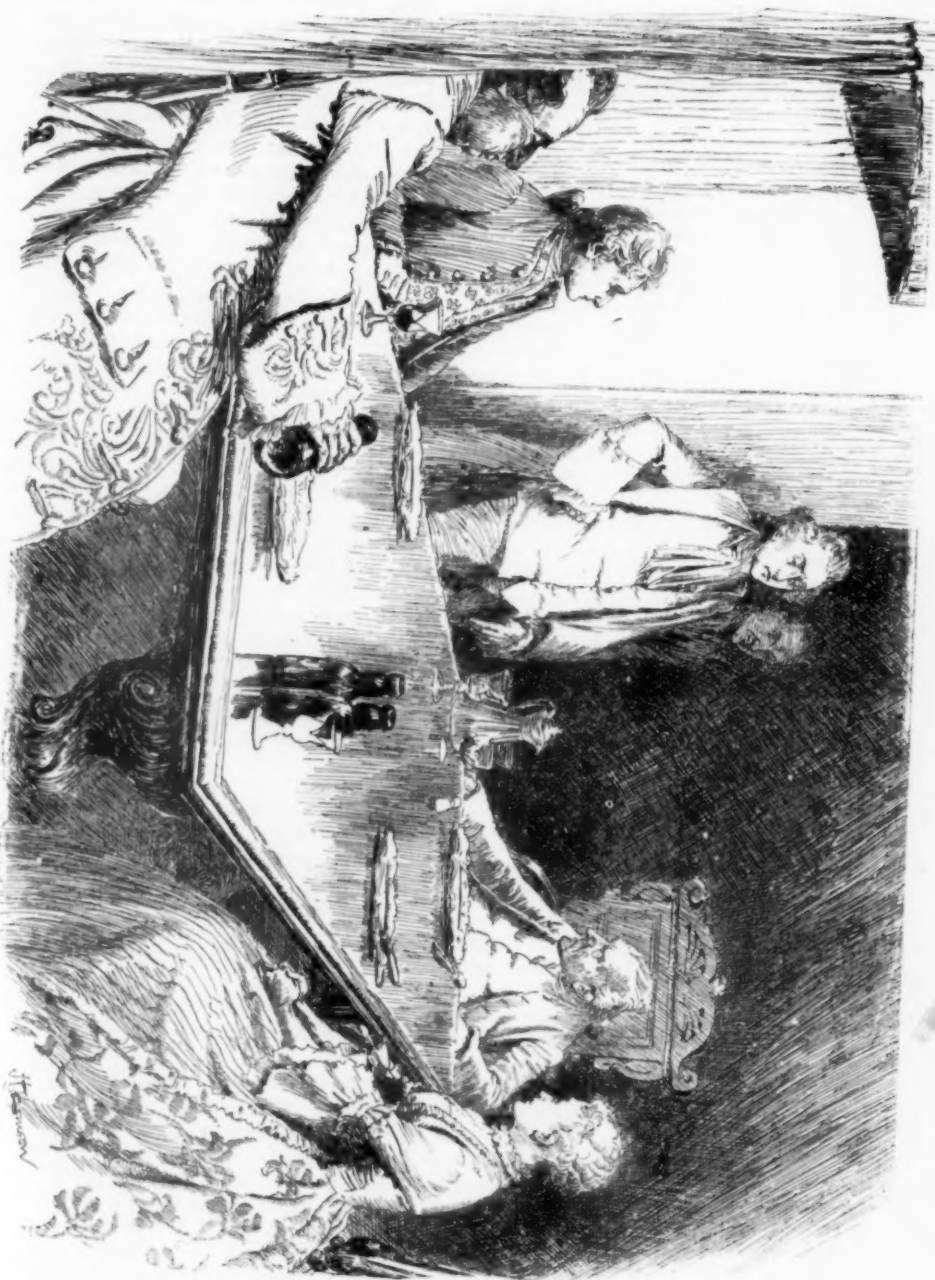
"Tell me why you flashed that lantern on my face, sir, or I will blow your brains out."

The cruel fear of death seized Mr. Barsac—for a moment paralyzed tongue, limbs, brain itself. He lived a whole life in an instant. Then in the very jaws of destruction his instantaneous insight into the situation returned to him. In a moment he saw what was to be done. He feigned a slip, fell upon the lantern, extinguished it, broke it to atoms.

"Now he will not be able to see them," he said, to himself.

As the very words were on his lips, and as if to give them the lie, the moon burst through the clouds. It flooded every cranny of the wood with mystic radiant light. It revealed the old Moat House, lying immediately at their feet, with such surprising vividness that Mr. Browne's eyes remained fastened on it, as if it had risen from the ground an enchanted palace. It revealed also a red-coat, half-hidden behind an oak tree. It was but for an instant that this burst of moonlight fell; then all was darkness again. There was a moment's silence, Mr. Barsac rose from the ground. He thought the stranger had not seen. "You are mad sir, surely," he said.

And the voice of Mr. Browne made



"STANDING THREE, AS MOTIONING AS A PICTURE, WITH MR. BARBAC'S EYE FACE PEERING OVER HIS SHOULDER."

answer in the darkness in tones more melancholy, more fateful than Mr. Barsac had ever noticed in it before.

"Lead on, sir . . . Lead on!"

* * * * *

There were four people seated, at this moment, round the dinner-table in the great hall of the Moat House. Two of these, Captain Foster and Miss Hawley, sat silent, eating little, drinking nothing, eyeing each other now and again furtively, palpably oppressed. Captain Foster seemed especially under the influence of some disturbing secret. At the slightest sound outside he started, looked at the window, looked at the door, then looked at Miss Hawley. There was misery in this look. There was also pity in it.

At the third or fourth start of this kind, which the Captain made, the other two diners noticed his agitation.

"Damn it, sir, sit still, will you?" said one of them, a lean, wolfish-looking old man, who sat at the head of the table.

"Gad, the boy starts as if he expected a dun," said the other, a burly, butcherly-looking gentleman, who sat under a sort of canopy of State at the other.

The first of these speakers was General Henry Hawley, who had commanded under the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden. The second was the Duke of Cumberland himself.

General Hawley was a man of about fifty. But he was bent in the back, grizzled. His gaunt face, long almost as a wolf's, was drawn a little down on one side. It was a mask merely—lined with age and pain, already half paralysed. This man who, in earlier days, had ordered his victims to be hung up in front of his parlor windows to help him digest his breakfast, seemed to feel in his lonely retirement the aid of some such digestive. General Hawley's food had long ceased to nourish him. He was a living skeleton, who lived on liquids. For months no solid food had passed his lips. To-

night, however, in honor of his distinguished visitor, he made from time to time a ghastly pretence at eating. This attempted gourmandise was horrible.

General Hawley's distinguished visitor, though he was at this time but forty-one years of age, suffered like General Hawley himself from a premature decrepitude—but years of excess had branded him in a different way. A deplorable obesity weighed him down. Racked with gout, his swollen, bloated face, his huge unwieldy form, his blood-shot eyes, were signs enough that he preferred the torments of disease to the tedium of regular diet. Always an intemperate liver, the Duke of Cumberland had to-night eaten and drunken beyond even his ordinary fill. He leaned heavily back in his arm-chair, breathing stertorously. The hues of apoplexy appeared upon his brow, but his blood-shot eyes remained still fixed upon the bottle.

Miss Hawley, sitting like a wood nymph between a lean and a bloated satyr, had several times risen to leave the table (it was evident that an orgie was about to set in), but each time her father, rousing himself from his gorged reverie, had told her to sit down.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the outer door. There was something ominous in this knock. Captain Foster started. He intercepted a look of inquiry from Miss Hawley, who turned pale.

The Duke of Cumberland raised his black eyes slowly from the bottle. "A visitor, Hawley," he said. "No doubt the one the Captain has been expecting."

"No visitor enters the Moat House to-night," said General Hawley.

His daughter now interposed.

"Think, sir," she said, "this may be some poor traveller who has lost himself in the snow."

"Then the poor traveller may rot in the snow, miss."

The Duke of Cumberland, still supine under the canopied chair, emitted

an amused gurgle. The brutality tickled him—reminded him of better days. While he was still gurgling, a servant entered with a letter. He gave this to General Hawley, with a groveling subservience which this master exacted from his household.

The General first glanced at the signature. This seen, he read the letter attentively. Then sat up in his chair and read it again. It evidently surprised him. The letter ran thus: "My dear General Hawley, I am here on State affairs this night, with one who little knows into whose house he is coming, or that he is my prisoner. To prevent unnecessary violence, be pleased to suppress your famous name, as also that of your distinguished guest. Yours to command, Barsac."

General Hawley folded the letter.

"Mr. Barsac is without on State business," he said.

Miss Hawley gave a great start: she gasped, "State business!" Her father looked at her keenly. "Yes, miss, State business—and therefore no business of yours." Then, turning to the Duke, "If it please your Highness, we will see this Barsac. He is a known and trusted agent, and he brings a stranger with him."

Miss Hawley rose at the word "stranger" as if she had been shot. All her unformed fears of the last twelve hours stirred into sudden life. She made a sudden motion to leave the room.

"Sit down, miss," said the General. Then the girl obeyed the order. General Hawley once more turned to his guest—"Is it your Highness's pleasure that we have this fellow in?" he asked.

His Highness gave his permission by a nod and a grunt. At the same time, he desired that ceremony might be sent to the deuce, and reached out a gouty hand for the bottle.

"Show Mr. Barsac and the stranger in," said the General. The servant departed. There was a pause—broken only by the gurgling sound of wine

rushing down a royal throat, the servant's quick tread across the courtyard, the unbarring of the outer door. During this pause, which seemed to her to last hours, Miss Hawley kept her eyes fixed on Captain Foster's face. She saw her lover change color—grow as white as a sheet—for the first time that night pour out a bumper with a trembling hand and drink desperately.

"Captain Foster," she said, looking at him as if she would read his very soul, "you know this stranger, I think."

"So do you, madam," cried Captain Foster, throwing his glass on the table and starting from his chair.

"What!" cried the General, turning a terrible look on his daughter, as she stood transfixed with terror, holding her hands on her heart. "What!"

"Hush!" said the Duke of Cumberland, with something of an aroused interest. "Your stranger is here." And slow footsteps sounded on the stone hall.

She knew them in an instant—in one wild moment divined what was coming—sounded the whole horror of the situation to its very depths. This girl lived a whole life time in this tremendous interval. But at the close of it she had made up her mind what she would do. There should be no recognition this time.

A second after she was face to face with him again. He came from behind a high screen, which had been placed against the door, paused gracefully, made a slight inclination to the people seated at the table. He was very pale, his dress was in disarray, his crumpled linen still bore the signs of Mr. Barsac's late despairing clutch, but he looked the chivalrous gentleman that he was, standing there, as motionless as a picture, with Mr. Barsac's evil face peering over his shoulder.

"I have lost my way I fear, sir," he said, in his low melancholy voice, "and intrude where I have no business. This gentleman, however, who rides with me, tells me that he is known

to you, and has prevailed upon me to throw myself on your hospitality for a night's shelter."

He looked at the Duke of Cumberland as he spoke, supposing him, from his seat under the canopy, to be the master of the house. The Duke, after eying him indifferently, pointed to General Hawley.

"You are welcome, sir," said the General. "Will it please you to sit down? My daughter—Captain Foster. You are acquainted with both already."

"No, sir," said the stranger.

He sat down by Miss Hawley's side with such an easy, unembarrassed air, that Mr. Barsac even, still standing at the back, an amused spectator of the scene, eyed him with amazement, almost with admiration. It would have been impossible for any one to have supposed for a minute that the two had ever met, and seen each other before. But it would not have been so impossible had Mr. Barsac been gifted with second-sight, had he been able to see, to feel the wild handclasp, eloquent of sympathy, caution, love, despair, with which the pale, unmoved girl greeted Mr. Browne under the table. Gestures are sometimes eloquent. This handclasp told Mr. Browne all. A charming smile played on his lips. He bowed his head slightly, in mute recognition, then looked up and saw General Hawley's filmy eyes fixed on him—fixed upon him uncertainly—in a curious prolonged stare.

"You were fortunate, Mr. Browne," said he, seating himself, "in riding with one so well acquainted as is Mr. Barsac with these inhospitable parts. Without Mr. Barsac's guidance you would hardly have found shelter."

"Hardly, sir, I believe. But I do not see the gentleman. He has not left us, surely?"

"For a moment, sir. Mr. Barsac has some slight preparations to attend to."

The stranger looked up suddenly, and intercepted a glance full of meaning between General Hawley and the

portly person still lounging back under the canopied chair on his right hand.

"I think I still lack the honor of an introduction to this gentleman," he said.

"Content yourself, sir," said General Hawley. "The honor will be yours in time. For the moment the gentleman prefers to remain incognito."

Mr. Browne colored high. In spite of another wild, hidden pressure of Miss Hawley's hand he eyed both his host and the gentleman who preferred to remain incognito keenly. This glance was returned by both gentlemen with interest.

At this moment a servant brought in some dinner on a tray for the newly-arrived guest, and a large flagon of old Nantes brandy. Mr. Browne's attention was instantly distracted. He attacked the victuals fiercely. The two elderly gentlemen passed the brandy bottle between them—with equal gusto took long fiery draughts. Captain Foster alone sat silent, brooding on the opposite side of the table with his face covered with his hands. There was a silence.

When Mr. Browne had finished his meal he pointed to this despondent figure.

"Captain Foster does not drink," he said.

"No, sir," said Captain Foster, not looking up.

"Then with your permission." And Mr. Browne took a great draught of brandy. Miss Hawley rose.

"Sit down," said her father. "Where are you going?"

She said that if she might be excused for a moment she needed her smelling-salts. They were in her room. This in reply to Captain Foster, who offered with no great alacrity to get them. She left the great hall by a small door in the corner, which opened immediately on to a staircase. She leaned heavily against this staircase for a moment, clutching the balustrade fiercely, afraid that she was going to faint. Then, when after a great effort she had re-

gained possession of herself, she went fleetly upstairs, crept through her darkened room, and, shrouding herself behind the curtain of the window, looked out.

She saw Mr. Barsac in earnest conversation with a soldier on the bridge over the moat. There were two bridges over the moat, besides this one immediately below Miss Hawley's bedroom window. The girl visited the two rooms, one of them the Duke of Cumberland's, which overlooked these two bridges; on each bridge she saw the same chilling sight—a soldier silently on guard. The Moat House was surrounded.

Miss Hawley bathed her forehead with scent; then she went down again thoughtfully, quietly, to the great hall. For a moment she paused at the door, listening. Loud voices were raised; bursts of thick laughter breaking upon these, proclaimed the nature of this interior. Miss Hawley braced her nerves for a chilling sight, and entered.

It was well for her, steel-hearted as she was, that she had braced her nerves. The sight was indeed chilling.

The Duke of Cumberland had risen from his canopied chair. Maddened with final draughts of brandy, following potations already deep, his brain had turned. Resting his huge bulk heavily on the table, he addressed an imaginary assembly. In hoarse, thick accents he recounted the glories of Culloden—the brutal massacres which, directed by himself and his gallant friend opposite, had followed hard on that dire day; and his gallant friend opposite bowed his livid, ghastly face repeatedly on to the very table, in mute approbation of each sickening scene. Between them sat Mr. Browne, his hand clenched round his glass, his deadly pale features writhing fiercely at each red recollection. Opposite to him Captain Foster stared aghast. Standing there, a silent, horror-stricken spectator, Miss Hawley remained unrecognized. In vain she tried to attract Mr. Browne's attention—to motion caution, self-command, anything

that frantic gestures of a girl already half distraught could impress on a man in deadly danger. Carried away with rising excitement, his pale lips mechanically repeating phrases of the deadly tale, Mr. Browne sat there heedless of her presence, like some wounded lion crouched for the avenging spring.

At last the climax came. With a sudden change from mad venom to drunken jocularly, the hero of the day described his recipe for suppressing revolts. He painted the roads from Inverness to Fort Augustus on the morning after the battle. Castles, houses, huts in flames! A whole county ravaged with fire and sword! Men hunted and shot down on the mountains like wild beasts! Women violated after having been forced spectators of their husbands' executions! Whole families shut in barns and burnt to ashes! It was a saturnalia of slaughter, told by a madman.

And the stranger—Mr. Browne—what of him? Repeating phrase after horrible phrase louder and louder, till his voice swelled above the reciter's, the man's long pent-up rage found sudden furious vent. He saw nothing of the hall of the Moat House, nothing of Miss Hawley's imploring gestures, nothing of the present peril which hemmed him on all sides—nothing of all these—only in one wild vision the bleak Scotch hill-sides sown with his slaughtered friends, the blazing villages—a whole county desolated for his sake—and the guilty two!

He dashed the glass which he held clutched in his hand with such violence on to the floor that it flew into a thousand fragments. He reared himself to his full height—his voice rang out like a trumpet summoning the guilty to judgment.

"Murderers," he cried. "I know you now! By your works—at which a whole world has shuddered—by your works I know you! Outragers of humanity! Twin fiends of Hell! I know you, Bloody Hawley! and you, Butcher of Culloden!"

V.

THE SUN SETS

The two were sobered in a minute. They sprang to their feet, with their hands on their swords.

"And you," they cried; "who are you?"

"I am Charles Edward Stuart," said Mr. Browne quietly. "In such a presence disguise stifles me." He tore his dark wig from his head, and threw it fiercely on the floor. It fell by the side of the table. He stood there confronting his two brutal captors, in his own image at last. Released from their long restraint, his golden curls fell in a wild profusion on to his shoulders. He was Charles Edward himself—proud, kinglily, at bay.

"Charles Edward Stuart!" cried the Duke of Cumberland. From the first time the word had been mentioned his Royal Highness had sat staring, speechless, pale, sobered.

"Ay, Charles Edward Stuart," said Mr. Barsac, appearing from behind the screen; "and I take you honorable gentlemen to witness that he has been made prisoner by my instrumentality, and that I claim in your presence the thirty thousand pounds reward offered by the Government for his head. 'Tis useless to resist, sir; on all sides the house is surrounded."

These last words were spoken with a hurried concern as the stranger's hand went swiftly toward the pocket in which, as bitter experience had already told Mr. Barsac, a pistol lay concealed. But the impulse was momentary. The stranger did, indeed, after a pause, take the said pistol out of his pocket, and even draw his sword, but only to lay both weapons on the table in token of surrender.

"I am your prisoner, sir," he said to Mr. Barsac; "let that knowledge suffice. Meanwhile I would suggest that all discussion as to blood-money should be kept for fitter ears."

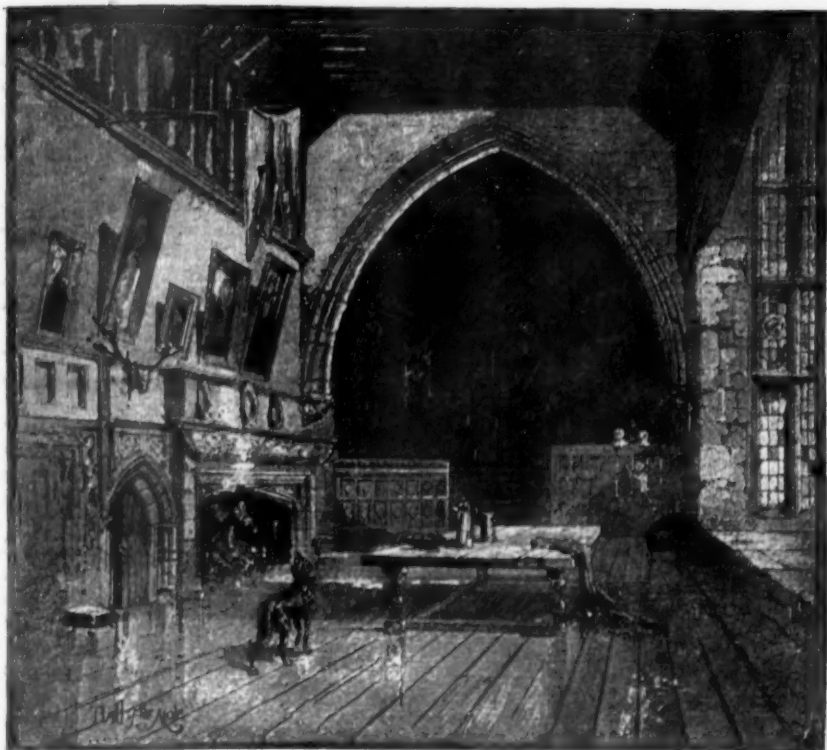
He spoke with bitter emphasis, and

fixed his blue eyes upon Miss Hawley with a steady, withering look of contempt. To her he attributed the treason. The whole thing had been a deliberate snare, cunningly laid from the beginning. It was the old story of the moth flying to the fire, and this brilliant, beautiful girl had lured him to his death. There could be no doubt about the matter. The girl's very attitude bore witness to her shame.

Dejection, indeed, marked it, or was it rather remorse? At the first moment of the disclosure Miss Hawley had sunk into a chair at the side of the dinner-table; and there she sat still, her fair head bowed over it; her forehead rested on her hands, the very picture of a woman utterly crushed and broken down, resting there so motionless that she might have been fainting.

Not fainting, however! For Miss Hawley's eyes, though hidden, were far from closed. They were fixed, with that intensity which is born of an idea, on the black wig which the stranger had thrown off in his burst of passion, and which lay on the floor immediately beneath her feet. On this black wig lying there, there centred, as Miss Hawley viewed the matter, a whole world's hopes. Ah! if she could only get hold of it without attracting attention! Suddenly with a change of posture she carelessly pushed a napkin off the table on to this wig. She was very pale when she rose from stooping to pick this napkin up. But she placed it back on the table, and without saying anything, resumed her original position with her head resting on her hands. She was prepared.

Meanwhile, a heated discussion was being carried on between the Duke of Cumberland, General Hawley, and Mr. Barsac as to the disposal of the prisoner. The prisoner, meanwhile, had been offered a seat, and Captain Foster had been stationed at the door as a guard, much to his disgust. The Captain appeared greatly perturbed at the turn things had taken, saw nothing of a rival's capture in this kidnapping



of a political fugitive, and eyed Mr. Barsac venomously. And Mr. Barsac smiled sweetly upon the Captain, and at the same time held his own with the Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke urged that the prisoner should be conveyed at once, under escort, to London—"This instant, by G—d, sir. Ye have a whole regiment here, sir," he said, "to your own showing: and why?" And here he fell egregiously into expletives—in point of fact desired the sun, moon, stars, and all other celestial and opposite bodies to tell him why the unfortunate Mr. Browne, otherwise Charles Edward, should be kept all night in an unfortified Moat House, when he might be quite comfortably taken to London and lodged in the Tower.

Now Mr. Barsac required none of the supernatural aids cited to tell the

Duke why. He had sounded his patron's views on the matter, it will be remembered. And the Earl of Bute's views were very much more to Mr. Barsac than sun, moon, or stars. Mr. Barsac had it from the great man's own lips—that it would be quite impossible to say how a public arrest of the Pretender might be taken at Court, unless proof could be adduced of his connection with existing Jacobite cabals. He might be taken, however, privately in the country, and kept there quietly, till such proof was found or invented, and then it would be a very different affair—an affair, indeed, of £30,000 for Mr. Barsac. And now here was the Pretender taken as quietly and neatly, and in as private a place, as was possible. And here was a discredited general (for the Duke of Cumberland's fame was still clouded by the disasters of St. Fieschi) insisting that

he should be paraded in the public streets. The thing was absurd!

"Your Royal Highness will pardon me," said Mr. Barsac, "for differing from you—indeed, completely—but I have my Lord of Bute's authority for the course I propose to take, and my Lord of Bute—"

But the Duke of Cumberland dismissed my Lord of Bute to the warmest portion of the shades in an instant, and asked General Hawley his views.

"To tell the truth," said the General—he was debilitated again by this time, and was sitting propped up in an arm-chair—"To tell the truth," he said, "I side with Barsac. I see no reason why so distinguished a visitor" (here he bowed with mock humility to the Prince) "should be ravished so suddenly from our poor hearth which he honors. Bloody Hawley! Bloody Hawley!" he muttered. "No, let him stay here till he is—wanted. I like to see him." And General Hawley eyed his new guest murderously. He thought, did this good-natured host, of a certain "Oubliette," which opened suddenly from the turret stairs, and in whose unsounded depths many an unwelcome guest must have mediævally miscarried. General Hawley looked at Charles Edward when he thought of this "Oubliette." He smiled.

Mr. Barsac, though he did not to the full follow this engaging train of thought, rubbed his hands, and complimented this vulture on his sagacity. For his part, the Duke of Cumberland swore a dozen or two of oaths, and said that he washed his hands of the whole concern; after which he took a prolonged draught of brandy. His Royal Highness now became sentimentally inclined. The memories of the disasters on the Elbe oppressed him, and he attempted some painful apologies for his reverses of 1757. He was once more in the spirit under the walls of Stade, entirely surrounded by the French, and only saved from capitulation by an appeal to the King of Denmark. He recited some clauses of the Convention of Kloster Seven, and said

that he was a ruined man; he wept and swore alternately; and, finally, began to see visions. He yelled out as if a serpent had stung him on suddenly catching sight of the Prince, whose presence he had completely forgotten, and swore that the Barn at Fort Angus had not been fired by his orders. In another instant he was madly directing a pursuit on some bare Scotch hillside. "Shoot, shoot," he roared; "hack the devils down!" Then he suddenly fell upon his face, and was carried insensible to bed.

All had witnessed this apotheosis of brutality in silence. When the last tread of the escort bearing the prostrate warrior was heard on the stair, Mr. Barsac, who had watched his imaginative eccentricities with an amused smile, turned to General Hawley, and said,

"Now, sir, will it please you to tell me where we can bestow our charge. The night grows, and the gentleman seems weary. My General Hawley, do you hear me?"

General Hawley roused himself from a sort of vinous reverie.

"We will bestow him," he said, speaking with a ghastly sort of unction, as if each measured word left a sweet taste in his mouth, and never removing his filmy eyes from the subject of this discourse; "we will bestow him, I think, in our best drawing-room. Our best drawing-room will make a safe and comfortable night's lodging for Royal limbs, it overlooks the moat, in case our Royal visitor should think of cooling himself; and it adjoins the chapel, in case—ha! ha!—in case he should need a short shrift."

Miss Hawley's shoulders heaved perceptibly. She still sat with her face buried in her hands, but her shoulders heaved perceptibly. And beneath those white hands the breath came very thick and fast.

Mr. Barsac seemed satisfied with General Hawley's programme for the comfort of his guest. He went up to the prisoner, who reclined in a sort of

indifferent stupor in an arm-chair, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come, sir," he said. "We will show you your quarters, if it please you."

The prisoner rose. He motioned to Barsac to stay where he was for a moment. Then he crossed over to where Miss Hawley was sitting.

He said, "I have come to bid you good-night."

She looked up at him perfectly composed. Barsac, who watched her like a lynx, saw no sign of emotion anywhere, not a tear in the eye, not a quiver even of the eyelid, not a movement of the mouth, not a suggestion that she was suffering, only a perfectly pale, rigid face—set like a mask—hard, pitiless almost.

"Good-night, sir," she said, and her voice was as hard as her face.

Barsac himself was amazed, but the prisoner was stung by this effrontery of treason.

"In saying good-night to you, madam," he said, "let me add my congratulations on your conduct of this affair. 'Tis one who has had experience of your sex who offers this tribute to your powers—one who has till now seen but the nobler side of them, and acknowledged their beautiful shining pre-eminence, who now acknowledges their dual empire both in Heaven and Hell."

He spoke with passion. When he was done she rose from her chair a little suddenly, as if something had hurt her. Her face, however, showed no sign of agitation; it was calm and set as ever. She said, "Good-night, sir," and bowed to him, then crossed to her father and bowed the knee before him, then paid the same respect to Mr. Barsac, who was much surprised at the condescension; then moved slowly to the door. But when she came to Captain Foster, who there stood on languid guard, she gave him a hand to kiss which was like a frozen hand, and, as he bowed over it, said ever so lowly, ever so distinctly, in his ear, "Come to my room at twelve."

Ten minutes after, through a storm of wild tears, from a window giving on to the quadrangle, Miss Hawley watched the passage of the man she had so innocently delivered into his enemies' hands to his extemporized prison.

Bare-headed, erect, he walked between two soldiers. General Hawley led the way, somewhat unsteadily, bearing a torch; every now and then he looked round at the victim with a sort of maniacal leer. The rear of this procession was brought up by Mr. Barsac, who was quite in his element, and smiled in his most engaging way at Captain Foster, who still walked beside him. But Captain Foster seemed in no mood for conversation; he was pensive, his hands were clasped behind him, his head was bowed.

Miss Hawley drew hope from this dejection in one usually so gay.

"He will come to my room at twelve," she said. And she drew the dark wig which Charles Edward had worn, and looked at it triumphantly. And as she looked at it the procession and the prisoner passed under an archway in a corner of the quadrangle, and disappeared from sight.

* * * * *

Long before twelve o'clock the inhabitants of the Moat slept—with three exceptions. Captain Foster was one of these three. The Captain strode up and down his room and smoked. Before he had separated with Mr. Barsac for the night, that gentleman had shown him two teeth, and thanked him for his services, and Captain Foster had returned this compliment for services done with this acknowledgment—"If I had known what you were after, I would have driven my sword through your heart before I had stirred a finger." And Mr. Barsac had wondered when young men would learn to know their own minds, and had departed wondering. The second person who felt no inclination for sleep that night was Miss Hawley. This young lady was face to face with the great event

of her life. The night was to be one for her of historic action. Often in her wild Jacobite enthusiasm had her heart been stirred as by a trumpet call with the thought of Lady Nithsdale's rescue of her Lord from the Tower. Often and often she had envied that gallant opportunity; prayed dimly that such another opportunity might be hers; and lo, a much greater opportunity stared her in the face. But it was so imminent—it had risen so instantaneously, that she felt half appalled. Miss Hawley's sensations were those of a young soldier on the eve of his baptism of fire. And as a young soldier should do—a sober young soldier, that is to say—she sat down and calculated calmly the odds in the coming strife.

Her calculations were continually interrupted at regular intervals by a slow monotonous sound, which came from a distance, passed her windows, and died into distance again. This sound, which at first she scarcely noticed, became at last so unendurable that on the third or fourth time that it occurred she went cautiously to the window to ascertain its cause; and she saw that its cause was the contact of Mr. Barsac's boots with new-laid gravel. Mr. Barsac was making his rounds. A sentry on arms at each of the three bridges which led over the moat—to say nothing of the ring of soldiers in the woods—was not security sufficient in his eyes for his £30,000. He preferred, as an additional safeguard, to keep the whole house at intervals under the circle of his ardent examination. He patrolled it all night, always with the same measured tread, always in the same attitude of casual inspection—his hands crossed behind him—his white face turned up to the windows. It grew horrible in Miss Hawley's eyes, this pedestrian effort on the part of Mr. Barsac. It was to her as if the house had been enfolded by a snake.

Meanwhile twelve o'clock drew near, and how quickly the minutes galloped! When the stable clock

tolled out the first chime of midnight, Miss Hawley looked at her own watch incredulously, only to find the stable clock substantiated; and before the stable clock had ceased striking Captain Foster's knock was heard at the door.

She went and opened it.

"Come in," she said simply.

The Captain came in, blushing and on tiptoe. The gallant guardsman had lost his martial swagger. Over the carpet of this shrine of beauty he trod delicately, as if on air. Arrived in the middle of the room he paused like an awkward schoolboy.

"Well, what is to be done?" he began.

"What is to be done? Why, the Prince is to be caused to escape, to be sure, and you are to be the cause. That is, if you wish to call me wife. If you ever wish me to forget your vile conduct of last night before the masquerade and after it."

The Captain thought it best to submit that his eccentricities of the night before were due to wine. With such a prize as Miss Hawley in store for him, and a prize which he had quite made up his mind he had lost for ever, he thought it best to state openly that in the matter of the Prince's escape he was willing to lead the forlorn hope. But that it was a forlorn hope he did not attempt to conceal.

"'Tis impossible for us," he began, "in the first place to reach him. Two guards are at the bottom of the stair."

"The stair is nothing to us," said Miss Hawley.

Captain Foster stared incredulously. He saw himself committed to a midnight swim in the moat, with a climb up bare walls at the end of it, target all the while to the nearest sentry.

Not noticing his embarrassment in the least, Miss Hawley went on.

"But the disposition of the other sentries. What is that?"

Captain Foster said that the disposition of the other sentries was from their point of view the work of the devil. That was to say, in the form of Barsac.

"You see," he said, "the fellow has over 150 men at his disposal. A man guards every bridge over the moat, and a line is drawn round the house in the wood."

"How near is the line in the wood to the house?"

Captain Foster said, so far as he could judge, about a hundred yards.

Upon which Miss Hawley said that would do, lighted a candle, opening a sliding panel, and bade the Captain follow, and tread lightly, after having closed it after him.

Captain Foster, completely transported out of his senses, did as he was bid, and found himself for the first time alone with a lovely woman, inside the wall of a moat house. In a long, narrow passage, so narrow that the Captain had, for the first time in his life too, to walk sideways, to get along at all. Cobwebs as old as the Civil Wars brushed his face; the atmosphere was poisonous in the extreme, and now and then a rat ran over his feet, and completed his gloom. And all this for the Pretender! At every step the Captain felt more Hanoverian than ever.

But the fair Jacobite before him, threading the vile winding like a beneficent angel bound on some errand of mercy, enduring these horrors in an equal measure, and enduring them first—for the Captain had only the second share, so to speak—led this Hanoverian on. And when he began to think that she had led him twice round the house already, and was entering on the third round, she paused at a blank wall, and motioned silence.

"This is the drawing-room," she said, pointing through the wall. "His room. You promise before we go in to obey me in all things?"

"On the conditions named."

"Oh, I said nothing about conditions."

"Oh, pardon me, you did."

"Well, but will you risk your life if necessary for those conditions?"

The Captain said he would risk his life on the conditions named, i. e., that Miss Hawley would shortly become

his wife; but, at the same time, he determined not to fly aimlessly into the face of fate.

"Agreed," he said, and attempted to seal the compact with a kiss.

But Miss Hawley asked him whether this was the time for folly; and, before he could answer, opened a sliding-door.

They stood together, in the presence of the prisoner.

He was writing, and looked up directly they entered, like a man in a dream. Then recognizing who stood before him; he rose, and bowed low.

"Is Miss Hawley come to gloat over her victim?" he said.

She motioned Captain Foster on one side, bade him stand by the door to give alarm, in case of interruption. Then she went up straight to the Man of Destiny, and knelt at his feet. He raised her with the chivalrous grace of his unfortunate House.

"Sire," she said, "no more faithful heart beats for you than mine. It has bled for you these three hours. I am here to tell you so."

As he looked at this beautiful midnight visitor, with her burning glances, her hysterical enthusiasm for his lost cause, an evil light shone in the Pretender's eyes. It was one of the baleful beacons which lighted his doomed race to destruction. He pointed to Captain Foster, who, not in the most amiable mood in the world, watched this *tete-a-tete* from the door.

"Fair creature, why have you brought him with you?"

Miss Hawley colored slightly, as if she had understood the allusion. She drew herself up.

"Sire," she said, "this young gentleman is my affianced husband. He has come to save you."

"In that uniform?" said the Pretender, pointing to the Captain's gorgeous scarlet and gold. "The deed will need all your sagacity. I fear, young sir." He looked at Captain Foster with some bitterness, spoke with some disdain. He was a rival in his eyes. But Captain Foster, though he felt

this, could afford at this crisis to be generous. The Pretender had been a rival in his eyes, too, but he was now a rival defeated.

"Sir," he said straightforwardly, "sagacity and myself, I believe, have nothing in common. 'Tis Miss Hawley who plans this campaign; I am but the volunteer who carries out her instructions."

"And what does our fair commander-in-chief propose?"

She told him her scheme in a minute, as concisely as if she had been a schemer from her youth up, and this scheme had been matured for years. It depended for its success on the striking likeness which existed between the Captain and the Prince. The

Captain, disguised as the Prince, was, by a bold *divertissement*, to draw off the troops in one direction, while the Prince, disguised as the Captain, escaped in the other. It was a simple scheme; the Prince smiled at its simplicity.

"Miss Hawley," he said, "believe me, I am truly grateful for your charming, your gratifying care for my safety—for your courage in finding a way to communicate a scheme; but I should be craven if I permitted you, or your gallant young friend here, to indulge in a moment's risk in a scheme which must so surely miscarry. Captain Foster, however much he may resemble me now, would not impress the soldiers who line these woods for a mo-



ment. They saw me unmistakably as I came down to the house—they saw me in a black wig."

Miss Hawley now brought off her first *coup de théâtre*. She produced the black wig spoken of, with all a conjuror's calm, and clothed Captain Foster's head with it in the twinkling of an eye.

"Will the soldiers who saw you in the wood, sire, not mistake the Captain for you now?"

The Prince was bound to confess that they would. In the black wig Captain Foster was the identical double of that Mr. Browne whose features and coloring had been so dazlingly made clear to the soldiers' eyes by the glare of Mr. Barsac's lantern.

Miss Hawley's preparations having once been begun and approved, she hurried them to a conclusion. She tore off the Captain's coat and gave it to the Prince. She clothed the Captain in the Prince's.

"And now it is time for you to start," she said. Captain Foster, not being quite clear as to where he was going, asked for particulars. He was shown the window. He made a wry face. This window was immediately over one of the outside doors, consequently immediately over one of the bridges of the moat. This was all right. But what was all wrong was, that the window was sixteen feet from the ground; and that a sentry, fully armed, stood on guard immediately under it.

The Captain looked and drew back.

"There is no way out that way," he said. "I should break my neck to a certainty, and the sentry would alarm the house."

Miss Hawley said, "That of course jumping that height was out of the question, but there was no need to jump. There was a rope-ladder all ready provided to their hands;" and, with a charming blush on her face, she busied herself with tying those sheets together which had recently graced the royal bed.

This readiness of resource put fresh spirit into Captain Foster. At each retrograde movement which he had at-

tempted, he had but found himself pushed further forward. He detected a monotony in this condition of affairs. He prepared to make a move of his own. He drew a small table near the window, and a handkerchief from his pocket. He borrowed another handkerchief from the Pretender, and in a minute or two, with the assistance of a pair of leather garters and a sword-belt, had contrived a tolerable gag. He eyed the sentry below meditatively. This decoration was intended for him.

The Pretender watched these silent workers in his cause with a mournful smile. God! what was he—so his thoughts rose on him—that he should inspire such love, such loyalty, such unalterable, beautiful, hopeful devotion as this? An outcast, a gambler for chances with precious lives—a drunkard—for this fateful habit which was in the end to sap all that was fine in his disposition had already fastened on him an ominous hold—what was he that he should imperil any longer the fortunes of others, for such a thing of shreds and patches? No it was no longer to be borne.

"Miss Hawley," he said, "and you, Captain Foster, it is my wish that you should go no further in this matter. The danger you run, sir, is too pronounced for me to permit you to encounter it. It is enough that Miss Hawley loves you to make your safety, in my eyes, doubly precious. I entreat you, nay—I command you—to desist."

But Captain Foster, with much unconcern, continued his labors. He was not working for the Pretender—not at all. He was working for an exquisite wife, and he intended to win her. He continued his task of slowly tying the two sheets which Miss Hawley had knotted together to the stanchion of the window. When this task was finished, he said:

"Sir," my plans are complete. I can promise you twelve minutes in which to carry out yours—twelve minutes from the moment when I have put this gag in that gentleman's mouth." He,

referred with a gesture to the sentry below, who was leaning on his piece, star-gazing. "But you will not stir, sir, till the firing begins in the wood yonder. 'Tis the firing, you understand, in that wood which will draw the soldiers from the other side of the house."

"Sir," said the Prince, "'tis clear that you are about to endanger your life. I say again, I will not permit it."

"My life, sir, I stake gladly for a great hazard; this lady's hand, which she has promised me if, by my action of this night, your safety is assured. Be assured, sir, that I know what I am playing for." Here Captain Foster paused a little. Then, after a hem or two, he spoke those things which were in him. "One thing," he said, "I would like you to tell me before I go. 'Tis within my knowledge, sir, that this lady has chosen me for a husband, on account of my personal resemblance to yourself: between you and her, sir, there has been a correspondence—that correspondence, which came also to my notice, poisoned my mind: my knowledge of that correspondence has resulted in this catastrophe of to-night. My repentance for my share in this catastrophe is about to be worked out by deeds. But, before I go, I should crave a word from you to set two lives in tune."

"My friend," said the Prince, for Prince in such moments as these Charles Edward ever showed himself, "what has passed between this lady and myself has been but on her side the most touching expression of sympathy for a lost cause, surely, which ever fell from woman's loyal lips; on my side but the fervid expression of gratitude for such touching sympathy; and the interchange of portraits cemented this bond between us. From this interchange of portraits has resulted all this trouble to-night, not from your jealous suspicions, as you are generous enough to believe. The realization of a dream of loveliness, which I had possessed but as a picture, crossed my path last night in the flesh. I was

tempted to improve an occasion which I had no right to make use of; to drag down the spiritual passion for a lost cause, unworthily personified in myself, which informed this beautiful girl, to the level of a material attachment. I have met my deserts, sir, and I ask your pardon."

He held out his hand to Captain Foster, who took it heartily. Then the Prince motioned Miss Hawley to approach. She came slowly; she had not gone the whole way with the Prince in his explanation of what had occurred. Her heart's beating told her with dangerous distinctness that loyalty for a lost cause alone had not drawn herself and the most romantic figure in Europe into such mystic connection. There were times when this fervid girl trembled for herself, trembled and struggled; this moment was one. But she came at his calling, put her cold hand in his, looked at him with wide, blue eyes, filling with tears, almost reproachfully.

The Prince, with infinite grace, placed this cold hand in Captain Foster's. Then, after a slight pause, he said in tones which Miss Hawley remembered to her dying day:

"My beautiful, faithful friend, star of my dark life, I had never thought to have been able to repay you as I can now for the charm your beautiful soul has shed over a wrecked existence. But I know after what I have heard, after what I have seen, that I can repay you well. I repay your devotion with this gallant hand. See Charles Edward, madam, not only in your husband's face, but see him in your husband's finer nature, in a thousand manly, gentle virtues which Charles Edward has lost for ever. In your husband's presence see your King, in your husband's eyes read your Romance! And you will, madam, believe me, kneel to a King worthy to be worshipped, and your dreams will not turn to ashes in your mouth!"

He joined their hands in silence, and with a fine gesture indicated his blessing. Then for a moment there was a

deep silence. Then this silence was broken by a slow, monotonous sound in the night, which Miss Hawley recognized at once. This sound came slowly from a distance past the window, but it did not die into distance again. It stopped abruptly.

Terrified, Miss Hawley pointed to the window.

"'Tis Barsac," she said. "Ah! Should he have seen anything!"

They listened in great fear, but the night was now profoundly dark. Mr. Barsac saw nothing. They heard him challenge the sentry standing below the bridge—that was all. Then they heard the slow monotonous sounds of Mr. Barsac's boots on the gravel die into distance.

Captain Foster rose.

"Now, sir," he said, "is my opportunity. Yours will come when you hear the sound of firing in the wood above; when you see the sentries drawn to the sound."

He bowed low to the Prince, who grasped him warmly by the hand. Then he turned to Miss Hawley, who did not refuse him her lips. Then he went to the window and looked down. Then he climbed upon the window-sill. As he did so the sentry below lighted a pipe. The flash of his tinder-box revealed Captain Foster for an instant, as he stood in the embrasure of the window with both hands grasping the sheet, prepared to project himself into space. It was an effect of Rembrandt. It was seen and admired by a connoisseur who admired Rembrandt. In other words, it was seen by Mr. Barsac, who admired it from beneath a bush.

Captain Foster was unaware that he was the subject of this admiration. He proceeded quietly with his plans. Holding his gag in his teeth, and having firm hold of the sheet in his left hand, he announced himself ready. He warned the Prince and Miss Hawley against showing themselves at the window. With his right hand then he seized the small table which he had placed in position before, projected it

onto the sentry's head, and followed it like a flash of lightning.

The thing was done so instantaneously that the man had no sooner exclaimed on finding himself floored by the table than he had a gag in his mouth. He struggled like a demon, and kicked; but when Captain Foster, imitating the Prince's voice as closely as possible, said: "You rascal, if you don't keep quiet I will pistol you!" the fellow found quiet the better part of valor, and in a minute was on his back, with his feet and arms bound.

Captain Foster rose, congratulating himself.

At this instant he was seized violently from behind. A voice cried "Help!" which he knew well—but only cried "Help!" once, for in a second Captain Foster's hand was on Barsac's throat.

"Spy!" he hissed, and closed with him.

The two men staggered, locked in each other's arms, to and fro on the narrow bridge. Captain Foster was the stronger man—but that night desperation gave Barsac strength. He grappled with his antagonist as if he was thirty thousand pounds—grappled with him so fiercely that, half-suffocated as he himself was with ceaseless pressure on his throat, he drew Captain Foster slowly and surely off the bridge on to the further bank, threw, and fell on the top of him.

Captain Foster felt that he was over-matched. He had hold still of Barsac's throat, but so faintly that Barsac suddenly found his voice, and used it. Barsac also smiled, and felt in his tail pockets for handcuffs. Hurried footsteps came running from round the house. The alarm had been given.

Suddenly Captain Foster let go of the man's throat, and struck him with all his remaining strength full between the eyes. This blow would have felled an ox. It put Mr. Barsac suddenly on his back, rolled him over and over down the deep slope half insensible.

Without bestowing a look on his fallen antagonist, Captain Foster

started to his feet, and ran towards the woods on the north side of the house like a deer. Exulting shouts behind him told him that he was pursued; but he made on in his headlong flight till he burst upon the line of sentries in the wood. They were on the alert from the alarm given below. The glow of a watch-fire showed him clearly to be their man. They challenged him. He paid no more heed than if the wind had called, broke through the line, darted on, on, up the hill.

There was a discharge of musketry—another—and another. A fusilade rose up in that wood on the north side of the house—a furious fusilade.

"Come, sire," said Miss Hawley to the Prince. He followed her without a word. Through the long corridor he followed her as Captain Foster had followed her earlier in the night. But she treaded it desperately now, burst out at last into her bedroom, pointed to the open window commanding the moat on the south side, pointed excitedly to that open window—one of her own sheets was tied to the stanchion.

"Quick, sire," she said, "to the stables—the door is open—a horse is saddled. To Rochester. Fly!"

Charles Edward bent down and kissed her on the forehead; then hurried to the window and let himself down. Miss Hawley pulled the sheet up, and watched him fly towards the stables.

Scarcely had he turned the corner, when a loud discharge of musketry from the wood on the north side of the house fell on her ears.

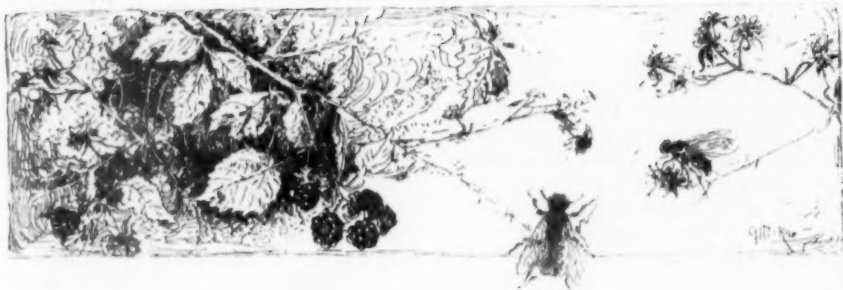
It was murderous, this last fusilade, it made her blood run cold. Then silence fell—on the north side of the Moat House. Silence everywhere, for a moment deathly silence. Then from the south side of the house, from behind the stables, came a quick, hurried sound, which sent Miss Hawley's blood coursing through her veins in a great ecstasy of triumphant excitement. This sound was the mad galloping of horse's hoofs on a frost-bound

road; it grew fainter and fainter, this sound, until it died away in the still night in the direction of Rochester. It was the signal that Charles Edward Stuart had escaped.

* * * * *

Where was Mr. Barsac? This was the question which agitated public and private minds at the Moat House, long after the hoax had been discovered; long after Captain Foster, lying wounded in the drawing-room from which he had escaped, had been found not to be the man he had personated; long after the Captain and Miss Hawley had received a royal pardon for their share in this strange adventure from the young King whose kindly heart proved more tenderly disposed even to the escaped Pretender than the sagacity of my Lord Bute had prognosticated it would be. Where was Mr. Barsac?

This puzzle was solved by Miss Hawley nine days after the eventful night. Nine days, that is to say, after Mr. Barsac had so mystically disappeared. It was solved by her as she stood reading a letter from Charles Edward, detailing the incidents of his fortunate escape—reading the letter to Captain Foster, who, rapidly recovering from a bullet wound in the thigh, lay stretched upon a sofa in the very drawing-room from which that fortunate escape had been effected. As Miss Hawley finished reading, the great sun, bursting from beneath a brown bank of cloud at the close of a winter's day, sank gorgeously to its setting. It flamed upon the moat. It turned it, as it were, to blood. And it revealed a mystery! It lighted up the white swollen face of a drowned man as his body rose slowly to the surface. This face was unrecognisable; but a smile, which, stamped there in death, distorted the left corner of the mouth and disclosed two teeth, was recognised both by Miss Hawley and Captain Foster in an instant, and with a shudder. The moat after nine days had given up its dead. Mr. Barsac sneered even in death at the scene of his defeat.



SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese*.

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."

Thomas Carlyle.

SALUTATORY.

In making my editorial bow to the readers of "Arthur's" I do not feel at all like a stranger in a strange land, but more like one who has been separated from home and friends for a time—for the magazine is among my earliest literary recollections, and I well remember the pleasure that I took in its pages, even as a child. As *Life*, with its manifold duties progressed, I lost sight of it for a number of years, and was unaware what had been its fate; so it was with more than usual pleasure that I saw the door open wherein I might enter and be one of the great family of readers and helpers.

I say "helpers" advisedly, for every one can help; every one who reads and spreads the gospel of good literature, of right influence, of home interests, does help.

It is too early to outline my plan in full for this department, perhaps; but I do want it to reach out and uplift as

many who are struggling with the problems of daily life and daily endeavor as it is possible. What can you do to help in the good work? What will you do?

Not all the missionary work of the world is to be done abroad, for there is plenty right here at home among those who need encouragement, who ask advice—even though they do not always apparently take it—who need instruction. To all these fields the gateway is here provided for those who have an earnest desire to "Lend a hand," but who have been held within the limitations of a stay-at-home life. Come with us, all who have an offering, however humble, and all who want one. Bring your suggestions for others' benefit, your inquiries for your own, and let us make common cause in self-culture lines.

Culture is three-sided—a prism having engraved upon the one side "spir-

itual," upon another "mental," while upon the third is found "physical." The absence of any one of these kinds destroys the perfect figure of the prism, and equally it spoils the human. A well trained mind and a regenerate heart in a sound and well kept body, makes the symmetrical whole; and only a well developed, well understood, and well kept body—the parts of which are thoughtfully trained, the functions of whose organs are the subject of care and study—is a fit dwelling place for either heart or intellect.

For all these I want to provide something each month, perhaps in later papers even suggesting outlines for home study to those who have been denied in early life what in the world of letters they now want, for their own pleasure and for the sake of being as broadly helpful to dear ones (as well as to strangers) as may be done where the horizon has been thus widened.

Come, then, to this department, bringing something if you can, carrying away whatsoever you will, and bring your friends. When you have read your magazine, share its contents with some one. Not every one has the library facilities that may be yours; and the loan of a book, paper, or magazine (always insist upon its return—that is one department of ethical training) may be the "open sesame" to one who would otherwise remain without the benefits of the broad views which it may open to half-closed eyes.

Our opportunities for altruistic work lie all about us, and these may be improved by all. To some the cup of cold water, a smile, kind word, or "widow's mite" may be all that we can give; but who knows the end?

SPIRITUAL AND HEART CULTURE.

"Man's perfection is interior; a beast's exterior."—*Turkish Proverb.*

This corner is by no means intended for a display or discussion of doctrines, tenets, and beliefs, but to suggest ways and means for finding and living the

higher, broader, life which is given to those who see a little into the "Beyond;" who are not entirely hemmed in by the demands and excitement of the present; to whom Life carries prizes which demand effort.

We want experiences of those who have found out how to secure the best and highest development, with the least expenditure of time, vitality, natural forces. Have you made progress in any line of heart culture, or spiritual advancement? Will you not "Let your light so shine" that the darker places of the world may be lighted? Have you found out how to inculcate and to practice (which is no more difficult than the other, for without the practice we cannot teach nor instill) courage, perseverance, hospitality, kindness, courtesy, obedience, gratitude, energy, charity, humor, any or all the minor graces of heart, soul, and life, as well as the deeper and richer ones? These, too, are parts of our plan for self-culture, and yours may be the voice or pen which will give to some the uplift that will send messages along the highway of life until the dawn of eternity.

MENTAL CULTURE.

"A head without a mind is a mere statue."—*Russian Proverb.*

In this special corner of our field there is ample opportunity for each to become a messenger of help to others. There are those who would travel, but circumstances forbid—and you can tell of what you have seen; while no neighborhood is so poor that it has not something that will be of interest to other members of the great family of readers within our circle—a unique variety of plant or animal life, it may be, a geological formation, a historical landmark, some manufacture or other production that is peculiar to that place or interesting from some other point of view; and as each one brings his offering to the department he benefits himself as much as he does the rest, for

"Giving is living," whether it is in this or any other way.

There are those who would read, but who can not buy the current books and magazines. If you see something that has helped you, can you not, for sake of such, copy choice or interesting extracts, or at least tell where they may be found? Many an old scrap-book that now lies hidden away in some half-forgotten corner might be of untold blessing, by furnishing to others a portion of its wealth, which would be in no wise diminished thereby. Many a man or woman may be made glad by having attention called to some bit of wit, wisdom, or experience, and the world be better for what they have gained mentally.

It is in these little ways that we may all be teachers, helpers, blessings. No one is too poor, too busy, too ignorant, to be of great benefit to some one else; and that "some one" may have been set apart by the Divine Plan, to work out some intricate problem for humanity, and yours may be the inspirational touch that will start it. Is it not a great thought for you? Will you not try?

Those who can attend the functions of the day, whether the brilliant pageants, like Mardi-Gras, in Mobile and New Orleans, or some national gathering—even something of lesser value and importance—can sift the grains of general interest and hand them through our columns to the "shut-ins."

If you hear a distinguished singer, reader, lecturer, preacher, orator, you can bring to those who are waiting here a fragment of the feast, and feed their starving, or at least hungry, minds.

If the sermon is a particularly helpful, thoughtful, or scholarly one, you can select the choicest bits to offer your near (or far away) neighbor, as you would dispense other hospitalities from under your own roof tree, for are we not all of one household for the time?

Do you know, personally, of some "saint on earth," some one of whom

you wish that more might be known by the great, round world of people? Tell us of him (or of her—sex does not count in general interest) and of the little traits which the cyclopedia does not mention.

Have you seen something at all out of the usual, or even in the usual—but which is generally passed without observation? Mention it, for the lift it will give to some one else.

Tell your stories, anecdotes, experiences, observations, and let us all be happy in trying to reduce the size of the world and of the gap that separates one lot of the human family from all the rest.

Let us each help to realize for all the grandly true words of the Declaration of Independence: "All men are born free and equal." So shall we bless and be blessed.

BODY CULTURE.

"God gives rice; but does he cook it and put it in your mouth?"—*Telugese Proverb.*

"What do you mean by body culture? Is it to set up a gymnasium in the home, and then devote two or three hours a day to what I am already too tired to attempt?"

No, my friend, that is not my idea of body culture at all. To me the training of all, cultivation of each part of the body, with especial care for weak, diseased or imperfect ones, a development and culture that will produce a clear head (well filled, and wisely), strong back, flexible muscles, active digestion, well filled lungs, easy carriage, coupled with necessary powers of endurance and a knowledge of how to rest, when, how to apply what has been mere theory to the every-day life and work—in short, to make one hour contain as much for you as two have done, and with less conscious waste effort—this is body culture.

"Who do you think needs this?"

Every one who ever has an ache, pain, weakness; whose strength ever

gives out, and especially if it gives out before the appointed task is done; every one who lacks flexibility, endurance, capacity; every one who has to work, mentally or physically—in short, any who have not physical perfection. Will they who have it please stand up and be counted, and then tell us who are yet struggling at the base of this enchanting mountain how you got there?

"When should this begin?"

The sooner the better; it can not be done too soon. The child who starts in life after having had the proper prenatal care by an intelligent mother has an immense advantage over his fellows who are not "well born" physically; and if this care is continued until maturity the difference between him and his fellows will be too great to need comment.

"Is it ever too late to begin?"

Never. Emphatically, never. True, they who begin earliest—or they whose ancestors began for them—have the greatest advantage in the race of life; but like the penitent who enters Paradise at the eleventh hour, it is always "Better late than never," and while life's lamp holds out to burn much may be done. Bryant began at the age of forty, and then accomplished wonders. It takes more effort as the years roll on, to get the same results, perhaps, but it can be done by patient effort well directed. I know a woman who even gained two inches in height after she was thirty.

"Does it pay?"

I will answer this by asking what price you would take for the difference between yourself when strong, well, complete, and that same self when suffering from even one of the numerous ills to which the human flesh is heir? Give me the value of your day, when prostrated by a sick headache—or a nervous one—as compared with a day when your whole physical being responds to the dictates of your well cultured will, and I will tell you whether it will pay you. It pays me.

"Is it a Christian duty?"

It is our duty to reach the highest possible physical attainments, as it is our duty to grasp those of a spiritual and mental nature. Perfect Christianity, perfect scholarship, perfect manhood and womanhood, demand perfect health; and we have no right to limit or impair our usefulness by ignorance, neglect, or abuse of our bodies. Other things being equal, the well, strong Christian, scholar, man or woman of any kind, in any walk of life, will accomplish more for the Master, more for himself and for humanity, than one who is weak or poorly developed. We must not abbreviate our possibilities for work of any kind, in a world where so much remains undone each day. Therefore, intelligent culture and training of our bodies is a Christian duty.

We shall need then to study our physical needs, and perhaps in their seemingly natural order:

AIR, under which we shall consider—(a) how used; (b) for what purpose; (c) by what means. This will embrace talks on breathing—so few know how—ventilation, plumbing, etc.

THE BATH. Why (we do not always bathe simply for cleanliness), how, when, and with what.

DRESS. Our third necessity will take in hints on some points, with fuller details on others; and if I break a lance on some of your old-time habits and prejudices, you will pardon my earnestness; it is a broad subject, and of vital importance.

FOODS AND DRINKS. What kinds, their effects, what to avoid, how and when to use, etc.

EXERCISE. These talks will touch upon manual labor, as well as upon gymnastics, and show how some of the common duties may be made servants of progress in this line.

Under RECREATION, we shall include rest, how and when it can be taken, and must be; amusements, what kinds, how and when, for what purposes and by whom certain things should be done. The sins of overwork will meet our unsparing criticism.

We shall talk about care of the head, eyes, ears, teeth, hair, feet, skin, nails, shoes to be worn—and those to be avoided; hands, their care, gloves; stomach, treatment in health and in sickness.

I shall write about some common troubles of the body, causes and remedies; colds, headaches, malaria, nervousness, etc., with suggestions about avoiding. I shall have now and then a hint for the sick, and their rooms; thoughts for their care, and helps in the line of food, air, light, visitors, whispering and other various disturbing elements.

In all these lines each reader of "Arthur's" has an experience, or has

observed something that will help the rest, or a part of the rest, and will, I am sure, bring his mite to the general receptacle.

Then, too, I want now and then to give some space to child-culture. Not that there is the least danger of children ever going out of fashion, but there certainly seems a wide field for their better understanding, a wiser management, and some desirable phases of development that have not as yet entered into all the homes where children are found.

Self-culture is a broad field, and one wherein all may work, and each may gather a daily harvest.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday:
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our his'try will show
That, at least, he's worthy any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

SAMUEL LOVEE.



Photograph by Davis and Sanford, New York.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, PH.D.

We are won by metaphors. It is well for the educational movement to which this department is devoted that it has its winning name. We are glad that Froebel was not satisfied with the first naming of his new school, which was meant to be so much more than a mere "school."¹ *Kleinkinderbepflegungsanstalt*—institute for the care of little children—was his first descriptive title. Happily the poet soul of him could not be content with this. But the thought of the "child garden" was inspiring him; and at last came the fitting word. And this with its inherent allusion to what is growingly pure and fair has

been an open sesame the world over.

Almost everyone is interested in the kindergarten. But interest varies according to the point of view. We would sketch here four sorts of interest, and four points of view—those of society, of the mother, of the young kindergartner, and of the educator or philosopher.

Under "Events in Society," or "Social Happenings," in the daily papers, how often there is an item describing this or that entertainment for the "benefit of kindergartens." This indicates vital interest. It may

not be well informed, but it is loving. The grown people in society are feeling a new reverence for childhood. They realize that they themselves are but part way on in the evolution taking place; and they look upon childhood as actually the possessor of a better day. Work with and for children thus has new worth; and the kindergarten as the organized director of this work is held in honor.

Society is philanthropic. It seeks to make the life of the "other half" more livable. Much of its seeking is dreary and discouraging enough. But hope shines, or may shine, from the face of every child. Philanthropy among the children breathes happiest air. Social settlements, college and university settlements—all seek to reach the children. They believe they fail to reach them rightly until they have a kindergarten. Society feels the pathos of childhood. A German grandmother was visiting a school. Hundreds of children were assembled. She said, in her broken English, to someone beside her: "It makes me to feel cry when I see so much children." Society says that, though in other phrase. All its tenderness and hope for childhood it endeavors to make practical through the kindergarten.

The mother is interested in the kindergarten. It formed a main topic of discussion at the Congress of Mothers, recently held in Washington. That was because individual mothers everywhere, conscious of their responsibility for the first years of child life, are seeking guidance. They would do the work of early education intelligently, as well as lovingly.

The mother is the first kindergartner. The curriculum of her school is not a thing of books. But it is nevertheless rich and germinal. Here it is, perhaps, and not in any prior existence, that our "intimations of immortality" have their spring. And Plato's "recollection" of the soul's vision of the Divine may perhaps be dated here also. Statius gives the sweet programme of this first kindergartner:

"I who first caught and pressed thee to my breast,
And called thee mine, and taught thee sounds
and words,
And solved the riddle of the murmurings
And stooped to catch thee creeping on the
ground,
And propped thy steps, and ever had my lap
Ready, if drowsy were those little eyes,
To rock them with a lullaby to sleep;
Thy first word was my name, thy fun my smile,
And not a joy of thine but came from me."

But this programme needs principles and methods. It must be brought into harmony with what is to come afterward. The little lips will murmur. What words and songs? The hands and feet will play and patter. What games? The spirit of wonder must be fed. What stories? What are the faiths and maxims, the habits, and insights that should be given? All these motherhood would learn; and it is to the leaders of the kindergarten movement that motherhood looks for instruction. These leaders but follow Froebel in seeking to work, with the mother, at the very beginning of the child's life.

Motherhood blossoms in the home. The gift of a new life is precious; and through it the mother's life is made complete. But soon motherhood knows a new sacrifice of self. The child must enter relationship with others, and be fitted for life in a wider world than that of home. The kindergarten would be the gateway to this wider world. Mayhap the angel that stands at Eden here sheathes his sword, and leads the little ones in by the hand. At any rate the mother would wish this true of the kindergarten.

We now touch upon the point of view of the young kindergartner. The young kindergartner has been a part of society; and a mother has brought her up. She has the faith in childhood held by society and by the mother. Only it is all idealized, and is as winsome and delicate as a maiden's fancy. Aspiration for self-realization and for opportunity to be of service have made her think of teaching. But, at the be-

ginning, teaching seemed too intellectual a work. But then there was the kindergarten. Surely one does not need much learning to take part in that. My heart-wish to be of use, and my love for children can be satisfied there. I will take a course in kindergarten training, and so be a kindergartner. Thus she reasoned.

Then follow the days of training,

leader is ending her story: "The dear mother ocean was there with her arms outstretched to embrace dear little Aqua; and she snuggled close, safe at home at last, all her pleasures and dangers past." "Dangers?" asks one of the children, "Where were the dangers?" "Oh, there were plenty," answers the kindergartner, trying to think of something not too ridiculous.



Photograph by Moreno, New York.

and of the first class. We take but a glimpse of these. The first glimpse is in upon a group of children and their leader who is conducting the morning talk. She has been telling them the story of Aqua, the little stream that has been caught up from the ocean, and then sent on its way, through brook and river, until received again in the arms of mother ocean. The

Then Neddie comes to the rescue: "Why, don't you know—that big boat that made the foam with her back wheel? Well, Aqua might have gotten under that and had her back broken!"

We join in the kindergartner's laugh at this, a result so characteristic of her efforts to think with the children while she lives with them.

A glance now at the theoretical

study. Childhood is studied, with Froebel as its interpreter. Harmonious development, self-activity, the unity of each with all, the presence of the one unifying and vivifying Spirit—all these ideas are brought into the thought of the young teacher. There is a joyous sense of freedom and of power in the young life growing into womanhood, that is glad to find itself understood and worded in these ideas of Froebel. They form a poetical and practical philosophy, gained by a pure-hearted intuition, rather than by laborious scientific inquiry. Thus even the philosophy of the kindergarten has its emotional side, and seems to set to music the rugged facts of existence. You see you are still in the child garden.

Finally, we would suggest the thought of the educator or philosopher concerning the kindergarten. This at first may seem iconoclastic. But it would humble only that it may exalt. The work of human education is one work. Those who pick out one phase of it and lift it above all others have the spirit rather of partisanship than of wisdom. The child beyond kindergarten age is no less divine because it has ceased to prattle. The work of cutting from the marble block the human character should be inspired by the same knowledge and the same ideals from first stroke to the last. The kindergartner should outgrow the feeling that her calling is a separate calling. The child with which she deals is not a completed being: he is passing to a higher. Sympathy with this higher, knowledge of its demands and aspirations, appreciation of the social whole of which it is to make a part—all this is needed by the kindergartner. The widest culture is not too wide for her.

Sentiment is holy. Sentimentality is not. Alas, sentimentality has some-

times taken the kindergarten in its weak arms. But its cooings do not soothe; nor does its philosophizing satisfy. There is need of strenuous study, and of criticism of results. The college and university should lend a directing hand. These should make apparent the real needs of the time; should somehow make them governing aims in the kindergarten; should be able to lead on, if not to perform, the artist-effort of the teacher; and then should be ready to adopt and to utilize in their own work the rich, joyous, spiritual insights of the kindergarten.

Froebel once wrote: "Your child, dear mother, must be recognized and tended as in the midst of a life that is all connected into a single whole."

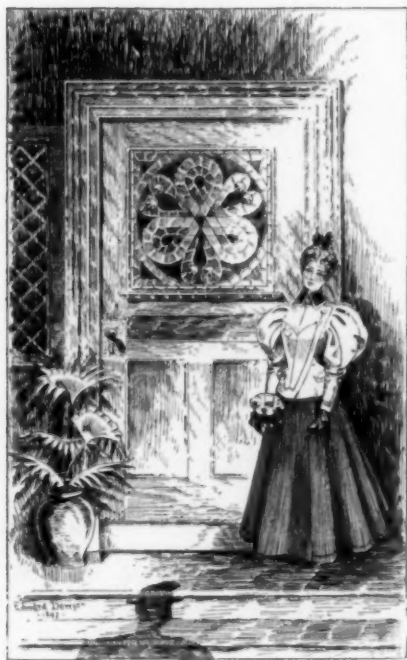
And this, widened, would be the thought of the educator regarding the kindergarten: It must be recognized and tended as in the midst of a life that is all connected into a single whole. Ethics, sociology, philosophy—all are necessary to give faculty for this recognition and tending.

We have indicated a platform sufficiently broad for this department. We invite letters upon any phase of this subject, interesting alike to society, to the mother, and to the educator. The letters may not be answered personally. But their writers may feel that they will influence the further course of what is printed here.

And now we think of Herbart, one of whose dicta it is that instruction should result in practical application. We close, then, with this word having that in view:

"O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold
firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school."

SIMPLE WAYS AND MEANS
FOR HOME ADORNMENT.
BY EDWARD DEWSON.



NO. 1.—AT THE PORTAL.

To the right minded, the home is a never-ending source of interest and pleasure. One feels that the time and trouble spent in adding to its attractiveness is not wasted, if rightly applied, and the reward is found in its added charm, and the attractive influence and benefits derived from it.

So bear well in mind this fact. In furnishing your home, cater to yourself and family, not for your neighbors.

Do not strive to have anything too odd; avoid "fads" as the folly of the hour, and above all things, cultivate a love of home in the children and young folks in the family. Comfortable and pretty surroundings are great factors in gathering the family together after the studies and toils of the day.

An elegantly decorated house is not essentially a home; there is a certain necessary element needed, that no money can buy—no decoration, however beautiful, can accomplish. However, we do not intend to touch upon this side of the subject, only so far as the decorative surroundings may influence it.

In decorating the home, the best of materials are the best in the end, and our advice to all who contemplate furnishing or refitting is to do so a little at a time, if need be, but let that little be well done, and use only good materials.

Once well done, and with simple good taste, is good for all time, in spite of the manifold changes of Dame Fashion, as it is only the extremes in style that change; good taste and good materials will always hold their own.

Studied simplicity and restrained brilliancy in home adornment are not only true indications of good taste, but if properly applied—for there is danger of overdoing, even in this direction—show conclusively the trained mind and hand.

To make a home what it should be—a cheerful, happy habitation—we must have it clean, bright, and whole-

some, both physically and morally; for cleanliness is akin to godliness, and refinement and sordidness never go hand in hand. But not this alone; it must be beautiful.

Money is not the most important factor in bringing about this end, as an artistic, attractive, and pleasant home need not be expensive. To this end it may be of interest to quote Mr. William Morris, a well-known English authority on decorative art. "Art was not born in the palace; rather she fell sick there, and it will take more bracing air than that of rich men's houses to heal her again."

Simplicity is not incompatible with art, even in its higher branches; as an example, look to the art of the ancient Greeks. Where, outside of nature, can you find examples more suggestive of refinement than the simple, dignified, and beautiful models of Greek architecture? They are indeed elements of true beauty, and with these in mind no one can think a home less pleasant, attractive, or artistic because it is furnished with studied simplicity.

The greatest error to be avoided is the overloading of the home with furniture, drapery, and bric-à-brac. The house is not a museum, it is a home; and to be such all that is superfluous should be put to one side; a superabundance of even the choicest ornaments wearies the eye and obtrudes unpleasantly upon the senses. In decorating and furnishing, more than in anything else, we must learn how much better the half is than the whole.

Before entering the portal, with these general principles in mind, we will consider a few facts that are positive factors in the successful culmination of any design.

To begin with, we must consider the floor and walls, as these are the "background" of the finished scheme. In selecting your wall-paper and carpets—especially the former—do not judge their effect in the store; the conditions of light and surrounding, and the woodwork as well, may be wholly dif-

ferent, and the effect disappointing, when it is too late to remedy it.

Take a sample roll to your home, and study it carefully under its proper and existing conditions, where all things may be considered justly, as the value of any applied color scheme must be governed in the apartment in which it is to exist.

As your wall-papers and carpets are the first consideration, take plenty of time to adjust them to your entire satisfaction; feel perfect confidence before ordering, and do not jump at conclusions or be governed by the appearance of your neighbor's selection, where conditions may be totally different from your own.

In selecting paper bear in mind these points: Light green is favorable to mahogany or cherry woodwork and furniture, and also to white and gold finish. Yellow is lively; it combines well with mahogany or walnut furniture, but not with gilding. Orange is a color to be avoided in masses, as it fatigues the eye by its great intensity.

Light blue goes well with woods of a yellow cast, and is particularly favorable to gilding, or a white and gold finish. It will look fairly well with mahogany or cherry of a light or dark cast, but it is not favorable to rosy complexions, especially by daylight. Blue of any degree dulls by artificial light, while, on the other hand, artificial light gives added brilliancy to any color containing yellow. Gray patterns upon walls tinted in a lighter color appear cold at all times, and should be outlined with gold.

Each room should be a law unto itself, according with all existing conditions, such as exposure, size, usage, etc., and every effort must be used to carry the eye agreeably, and without shock, from one room to the other.

True and good coloring is always satisfying, and one never gets tired of a room in which taste and judgment are exercised in the selection of the decorations.

In decorating, the two important

factors to be considered are exposure and use. Rooms of southerly or westerly outlook require cool tones; for example, a parlor with a direct southerly exposure would be greatly enhanced by a paper in cool Quaker greys, lighted by silver or very soft yellow—the latter not too much in evidence; such a wall gives added value to every color shown against it. With such a "background," add draperies of soft amber, or old-rose silk in soft tones, a carpet in camel browns, with soft laces in the window, and wood-work and furniture in light natural woods, and you have a room harmonious and attractive by day as well as night.

Northerly and easterly rooms, where little if any sunlight penetrates, require warm, rich treatment to counteract their cheerless influence. Should the tones or tints be rich or delicate, must be decided by the quality and amount of light in the room, and the character of the furniture as well. Richly toned or tinted walls are desirable in well lighted rooms, with neutral tints in the carpets. In such a room the furniture should also be dark and rich in tone.

In rooms with but little daylight, the walls and hangings should be of a higher key of color, with light furniture and carpet.

Use is another positive factor to be considered. Halls should be quiet, yet cheerful, and show a feeling of dignified repose. The sitting-room and living rooms should partake of the same qualities—a cheerful, dignified, restricted brilliancy. The parlor and reception rooms are in a great measure given over to the social side of life, and as they are used more often by artificial light, much that is cheerful and gay may enter in, still bearing in mind the element of restrained brilliancy and its results.

Bed chambers should be bright and cheery at all times, tending toward simplicity.

When pictures are to be hung upon your walls, especially if they are of a delicate nature, or if there are many of

them, the tone of the wall-paper should be very quiet, for if it is too much in evidence it will greatly detract from the value of the works of art.

In such a case there is nothing better than the plain ingrain papers, in appropriate coloring to suit the conditions of your room. The following chart will be found a perfectly safe and reliable guide for color combinations for those desirous of making their own selections of wall-paper, draperies, carpets, and other accessories.

White is a harmonious contrast with Black, and all colors.

Yellow is a harmonious contrast with Violet, Lavender, Purple and Puce.

Red is a harmonious contrast with Greens and Olives.

Blue is a harmonious contrast with Orange, Auburn and Brown.

Orange is a harmonious contrast with Blue and Gray.

Violet is a harmonious contrast with Yellow, Straw-Color and Buff.

Green is a harmonious contrast with Red, Russet, Maroon and Chocolate.

Citron is a harmonious contrast with Purple, Violet, Lavender and Puce.

Russet is a harmonious contrast with Green and Olive tones.

Gray is a harmonious contrast with Auburn, Orange and Browns.

Olive is a harmonious contrast with Reds, Maroon and Russet tones.

Regarding carpets; adopt hardwood floors, wherever possible, both for sanitary as well as æsthetic reasons, using the carpet as a square rug in the centre, with plenty of small rugs scattered about. The floor covering should as a rule be of a neutral, harmonious contrast to the walls.

Large and prominent patterns should be avoided, as the eye should not be attracted and held, neither should a carpet "fly up," so to speak, or in any way be too much in evidence. The carpet should quietly unite all the other accessories of the room, and may be light or dark, as the conditions require, but in all cases subservient to the balance of the decorative scheme.

And now, before entering, a few words regarding the exterior. One

cannot always govern or control the exterior of the home, but—be it in town, city, or country—much may be done to impart an air of cheerful hospitality.

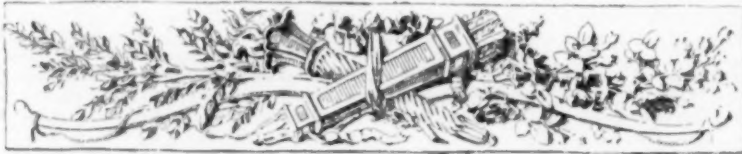
The windows should be cheery and bright; draperies and laces on the lower floors, and simple muslin curtains in the chambers go far in bringing about these results. Growing plants in the windows—when conditions allow—add greatly to the attractive appearance, even in a plain city block.

It is at your door, however, where a cheerful greeting should welcome the incomer. Few halls are too well lighted, and if the doors be solid pan-

els, why not remove the upper ones and convert them into an opening?

Should stained glass be too expensive, a plain light of clear glass, simply and prettily draped on the inside; a pot or two of hardy growing plants, in a decorative jardinier, during the spring and summer months, will make the portal decorative and attractive.

We have lingered *in limine* quite long enough, and in the forthcoming articles we will enter and—bearing well in mind these simple principles—we will move from room to room, considering carefully and justly the many little accessories that go toward the making up of our "home beautiful."



AN INTERESTING LETTER ON THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS BY MISS ALICE E. FITTS.

MR. THOS. JAY GLEASON,

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE,

NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR: We went down to Washington Wednesday morning, reaching there in time for the Afternoon Session of the Mothers' Congress. The Morning Session was held in the Arlington Hotel, but the crowd was so great we were obliged to adjourn to the Baptist Church for the Afternoon Session.

The Morning program was—Prayer, by the blind Chaplain, the Rev. W. L. Milburn; then followed the address of welcome by Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, of Washington, who outlined the aims of the Congress, and the needs of mothers, as she saw them. Then followed the response, by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of New York City. After this, a reception was given by Mrs. Cleveland at the White House to the Delegates.

The Afternoon Session opened at 2:30,—with a few words by the President, who introduced the first speaker, Dr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, of Washington. His subject was "Mother and Child of the Primitive World"—and this was most interesting, as it presented a very true picture of the natural and instinctive mother. Dr. Cushing has spent several years with the Zuni Indians, amongst whom the mother is of supreme importance. He described their customs and habits, with regard to the mother and baby, and ended by singing a Zuni lullaby, which brought us back to the old-fashioned mother, who rocked her children to sleep, singing a lullaby, in preference to putting them on the bed and letting them go to sleep by themselves.

The second speaker was Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge, of New York; her subject was "Mothers of the Submerged World, and Day Nurseries." She told of those mothers who live in the slums, who have to fight dirt, darkness, and disease, who have poor nourishment, whose love of dress seems the only ideal that they have, and who contract debt and bring on disaster to themselves, through buying things on instalments. She tried, first, to show them how to care for the body, and how to keep their rooms clean; and this could only be done by going to live near them, and keeping in constant touch with them. She told how she had helped to raise their ideals. Once she gave them a lesson in making a simple tomato soup. She told them how she at one time took dinner with the Governor, and he had on his table this kind of tomato soup; before night all the stores were besieged for material to make this kind of soup. She spoke of the importance of the mother keeping the respect of her child. Most of the children do not obey nor respect their parents. The parents do not tell them the truth, and they soon learn to distrust them. She told what she had done toward helping them to read, and to read books that would keep them as intelligent as their children, and thus compel their respect. She told of the helpfulness of these people to each other—how they shared whatever they had with those who had less than themselves, even if it was their last loaf. She said the important thing to do, was to help the mother to help herself. Day Nurseries enabled the mother to leave her children in safety while she was away at her work; this has proved of great value to them, as many children yearly are burned to death through being left alone, locked in the rooms by their mothers.

Mrs. Bainbridge was followed by Miss Amalie Hofer, editor of the *Kindergarten Magazine* of Chicago. Her subject was "What the Kindergarten Means to Mothers." She spoke of the reconstruction work of the kindergarten, its social significance, and how it guards the ideal. She was followed by Mrs. Rebekah Kohut, of New York City, whose subject was "Parental Reverence as Taught in the Hebrew Homes." This was a most excellent paper, and so well read that every word was understood.

Wednesday evening a very fine paper was read on the "Value of Music in the Development of Character." Thursday morning the program was excellent. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, of New York, led the devotional exercises, and these were followed by a paper on "Dietetics," by Mrs. Louise E. Hogan, of Germantown, Pa. She has written a book, "How to Feed Children," which was recommended by the Congress to mothers.

The next two papers were on "Reproduction and Natural Law" and "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity." The latter was by Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, of Boston, Mass.

Miss Constance MacKenzie, of Philadelphia, Pa., read a paper, Thursday afternoon, on "Play Grounds," and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Worcester, Mass., gave some practical results of Child Study.

In the evening Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster gave some reading courses for mothers. Among the books recommended were: "The Story of My Life," by Augustus Hare; "Margaret Ogilvie" and "Sentimental Tommy," by Barrie; "Our Children," by Mrs. Aldrich; "Cradle and Nursery," by Christine T. Herrick; "Autobiography," by Elizabeth Gurney; "Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young," by Jacob Abbott.

"How to Guard our Youth Against Bad Literature" was the subject of Anthony Comstock's speech, given the same evening.

Friday morning, Mrs. Ellen Richardson spoke on "Character Building versus Education," and Mrs. Sallie A. Cotton, of Falkland, N. C., on "National Training School for Women." Friday afternoon, Mrs. Jenness Miller spoke on "Mother's Relation to the Sound Physical Development of her Child," Miss Anna H. Schriver spoke on "Nature Studies in the Home," and a very good paper was read by Mrs. Harper, of Philadelphia, a colored woman, who represented the mothers of the colored race most adequately. Dr. Walter L. Hervey read a paper on "Stories." The time was then given for one hour to the Delegates, speeches lasting two minutes. In the evening, Dr. Elmer Gates, of Washington, spoke on "The Influence of the Mother on her Unborn Child." This was a very helpful paper. Then followed a talk on "Club Organization," "Need of Organization," "How to Organize," by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, of Chicago, President of the Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The whole program was a most excellent one, almost every side being represented. Among the quotations printed on the program are these:

"Mother is the name of God in the heart and lips of little children."

"A baby: that which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, the past forgotten, the future brighter."

"We dream of doing great things when we have need only to be content with doing little things close at hand."

"She is only half a mother who does not see her own child in every child—her own child's grief in every pain which makes another child weep."

"Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst;
Thou workest never alone.
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own."

"The destiny of nations lies far more in the hands of women—the mothers—than in the possession of power."

"It is impossible to give a sound, intellectual education to a child who has not a true moral development; and a child cannot have that who is separated from other children and led to imagine himself as having a superior nature."

"O fathers, live close to your boys! There need be no battle between you and them if you will but help them in their own battle for the right."

Some of the books for mothers, recommended by the National Congress, were:—"Froebel's Education of Man," "Pedagogics," "Mutter Und Koselieder," "Symbolic Education," by Susan E. Blow; "Mental Development in the Child," by W. Preyer; "The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child," by Gabriel Compayre; "Moral Instruction of Children," by Felix Adler.

"How to Feed Children," by Louise E. Hogan; "Beckonings from Little Hands," by Patterson Du Bois.

"Methods of Mind Training," by Catherine Aiken; "The Teacher," by Jacob Abbott; "Cradle and Nursery," Christine Terhune Herrick; "Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls," by William Blaikie; "Nursery Noonings," by Gail Hamilton; "The Kindergarten," by Kate D. Wiggin; "Mothers in Council"; "A Treatise on Infancy," by Andrew Combe; "Children: Their Models and Critics," by Aurette R. Aldrich; "The Religious Training of Children," by Catherine E. Beecher; "Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young," by Jacob Abbott; "A Study of Child Nature," by Elizabeth Harrison.

Hoping this very inadequate report may be of value to you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ALICE E. FITTS.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Mr. Frederic L. Luqueer, Ph.D., has made his editorial bow in the current number as editor of our Kindergarten Department.

Mr. Luqueer is not only in thorough sympathy with his subject, but is an earnest and experienced student of Kindergarten methods and principles. He is peculiarly equipped to treat this very important subject in an interesting and instructive manner, so that each article will prove of practical value.

* * *

We consider it a privilege to be able to announce to our readers that the first of a series of articles on

the History of Costume, by Miss Louise Both-Hendriksen, will make its appearance in the April issue. The author is the first in America to have given this interesting and important subject serious thought and study. Originally her devotion to the subject was due to love for her art, and persevering in her researches for many years in the fields of Art, History and Literature, both in Europe and America, has fitted her to a remarkable degree for this work. Her uniform success as a lecturer on this and other subjects in several of our leading colleges would be an indication, if any were wanting, of the character of what our readers may expect.

Miss Mary Aline Brown has been identified with the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, not only in her official capacity as editor of "Woman's Temperance Work," but in the past as Superintendent of Press Work for the New York State Women's Christian Temperance Union, and also with the work of the organization in Tioga County, that we do not feel that a formal introduction to our readers is at all necessary. We feel confident that we strike a responsive chord in stating that Miss Brown will furnish a series of articles on the origin, progress, plans and purposes of the organization in which she has taken so active and prominent a part.

Her first article, entitled "Organized Mother Love," will appear in the April number.

* *

In introducing the "Author of Preston Papers" to the readers of ARTHUR'S, the publisher does not bring a stranger into the home circle, for she has been too long and well known in the literary and educational worlds to even need a word from us. As the editor of departments in more than twenty-five magazines, contributor to as many more, speaker on educational and other topics in the leading cities of the United States, for educational gatherings, women's clubs, church, temperance, social and other organizations, she has for years commanded the respect and admiration of leading minds, and the sympathy of her large audiences in all her lines of spoken and written thought.

There is no department of the magazine which is capable of greater development and broader expansion than that of Self Culture. We have secured this in the accomplished and versatile writer above mentioned. We congratulate ourselves and the readers of ARTHUR'S on having secured her services, her fame and work being not only national but international.

The Department will minister to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of our readers; to each of these this department editor is specially adapted and comes equally equipped. Her spirituality is not mere sentimentality. Her hints on this line will be practical, teaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. To the mental development she brings a ripe and practical experience and a rare fund of knowledge deduced to the every-day need of ordinary people. As a teacher of and writer on physical training she is peculiarly at home and will only suggest what she has practiced for years or demonstrated to be of practical value.

She has a keen sense of all that is wholesome in wit and humor, and therefore will entertain even while she writes on more serious matters.

In all her work she is inspirational and helpful, and is the sincere friend of every one who is ambitious to reach all that is noblest and best in life.

* *

To those who are familiar with the woefully discouraging experience of seeking to obtain that recognition from reputable book-publishers which results in acceptance of manuscript for the publication of selections in verse, a work of fiction, or collections of clever essays, the reputation, integrity and success of the Authors' Publishing Association, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City, should constitute a source of hope to writers of ability who are possibly disposed to abandon all efforts to bring out a worthy volume in any literary field.

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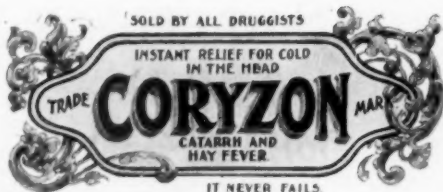
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